

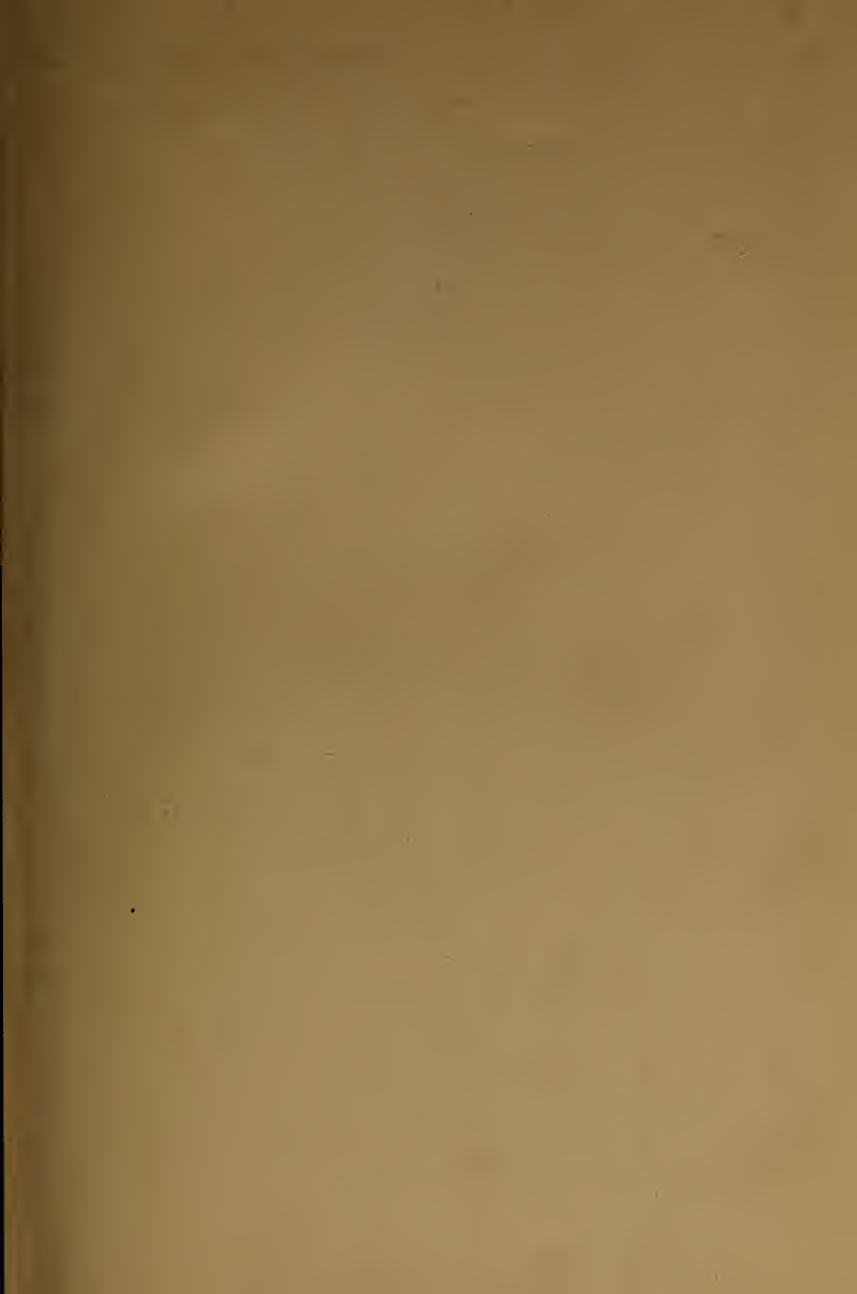


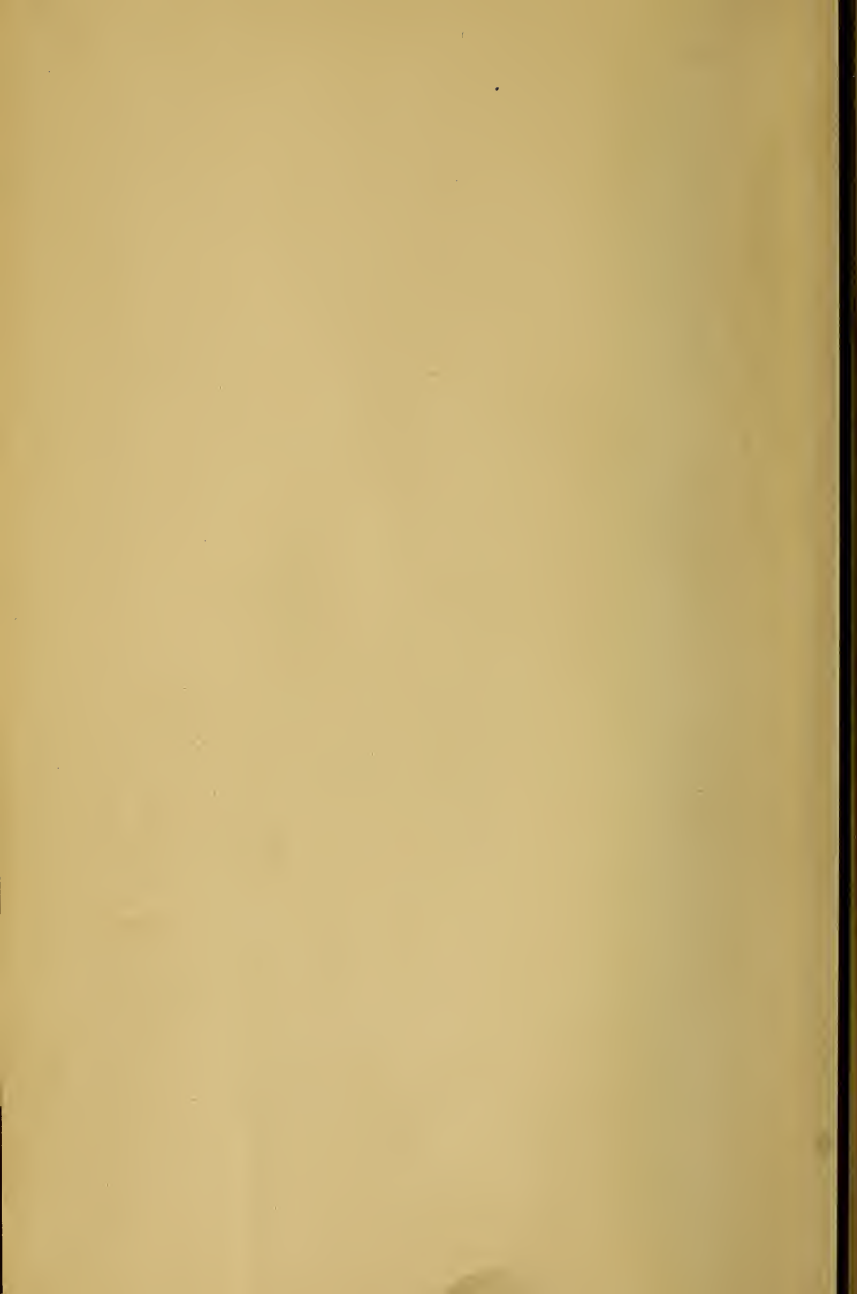


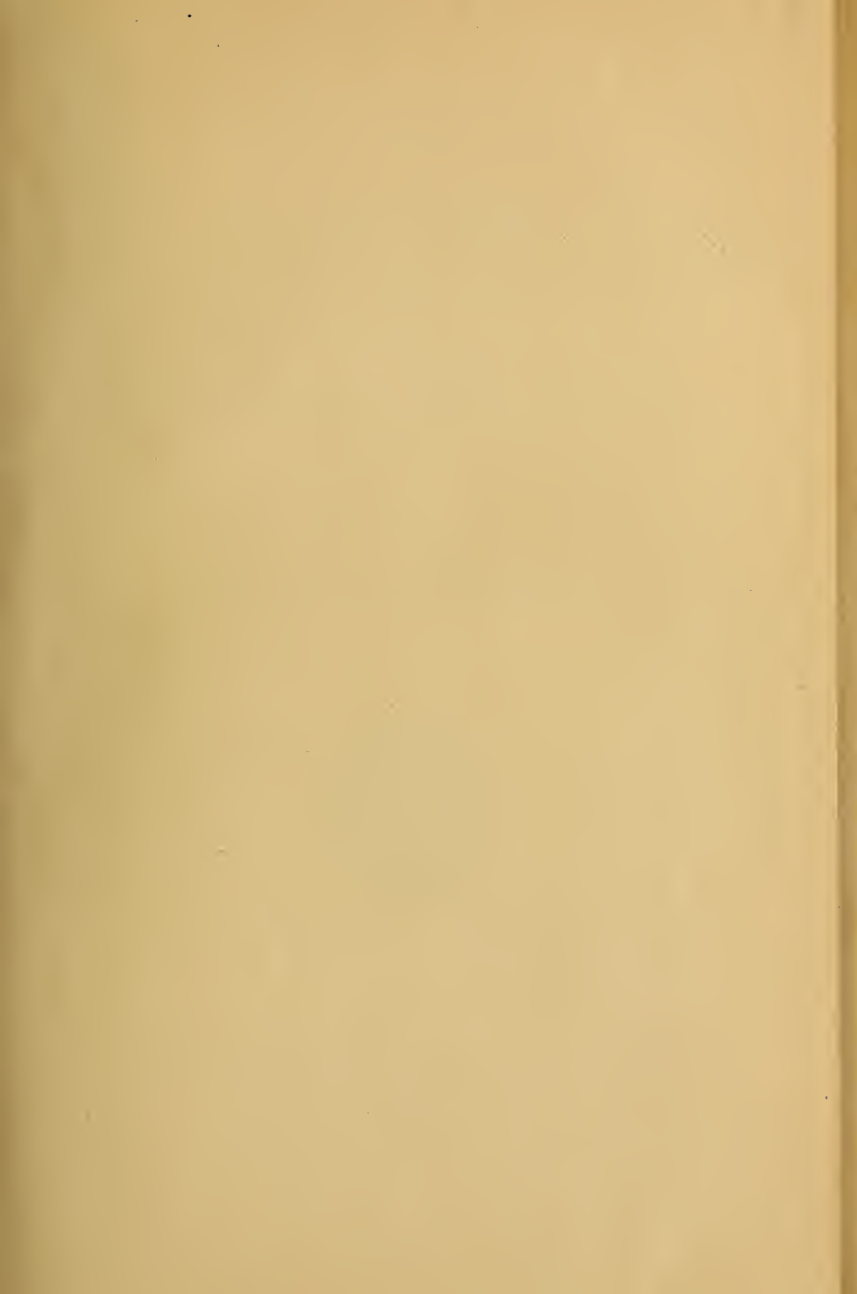
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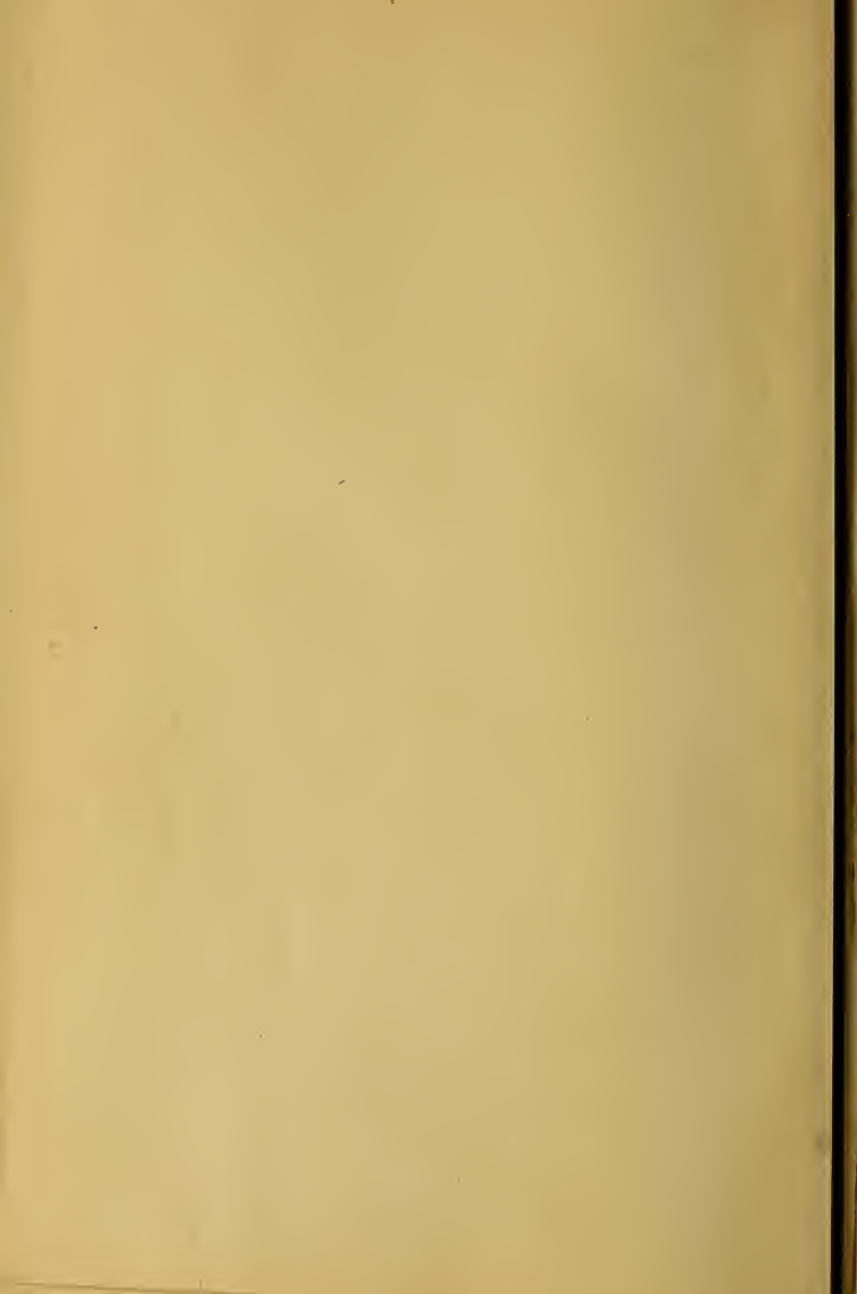
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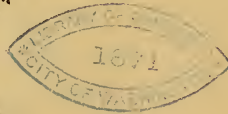
THIRD SERIES

OF

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY:

BY

MARTIN F. TUPPER.  
" "



LONDON:

EDWARD MOXON & CO., DOVER STREET.

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# PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

## THIRD SERIES.

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### *Preamble.*

---

AGAIN, toward the eventide of life, I touch  
that rhythmic harp  
Struck by the son of Sirach twenty centuries  
agone ;  
Again, I ask thy favour,—thou, my brother  
or my sister,  
Not as a stranger might but now a friend  
of thirty years ;  
Again, I canvass for my words thy patience  
and thy love,

Again, I show my thoughts to thee, for  
sympathy and kindness :

Thoughts not stolen out of books, nor  
noted day by day,

But springing fresh beneath my pen,  
unsought and unrestrained ;

Thoughts ever frankly spoken, as from  
brother's heart to heart,

Regardless of the jibe of fools, and proof  
against their spleen.

I would away with selfishness ; I would  
forswear all vanity ;

Nor write for praises, but in hope, to do a  
little good ;

In all sincerity and singleness to work my  
Master's work,

While yet the day of life is lent, with  
leisure health and grace.

Once more then after thirty years, I come,  
O friend and brother,  
Bringing my modern thoughts to thee in  
their antique disguise :  
This Eastern garb is somewhat, if its  
ancient quaintness help  
To catch thy kind attention, and to win  
thy willing mind.  
In those thirty years, a generation is  
entombed,  
And wondrous changes have there been,  
and much of good and evil ;  
And death hath made old friendships rare,  
and many have been the wrecks  
From storm to storm as some we knew  
broke on the rocks of life ;

And thankfulness and penitence and charity  
and faith,

These well become us all, O friends, remembering the past.

We have been through seas of sorrows, we  
have traversed a whole wilderness of  
trial,

Many sins and cares and pains and pleasures  
have we met.

Often in the shadow of death, often in the  
valley of weeping,

And rarely now and then have basked full  
in the prosperous sun :

Danger and adventure have been ours,  
good providences and strange accidents,  
And well indeed if heinous sin hath not  
bedimmed our light ;

Slander bespattered us at times, at times  
fair fame caressed us,

And now disease had brought us down,  
or strong health set us up;

Many disappointments and misfortunes, yet  
manifold blessings and advancements,

Much was ours of grievous loss, yet some  
good gains withal:

Thousands have fallen at our side, slain in  
the battle of life,

Or dropping, scarcely missed, to death,  
through Mirza's visioned bridge:

And still we stand to fight the fight, if  
faint—thank God, pursuing,

Still is life with half its hopes and all its  
mercies ours:

Therefore gratitude and penitence, faith  
and hope and charity,

These well become us each, O friends,  
reviewing all that past.

To teach thy neighbour clearly, search  
thine own heart deeply,

Search impartially, with prayer, in humble-  
ness of mind ;

And from the bottom of that well thou  
shalt draw up truth,

Which, quickened by the breath of day,  
may flow to others' good.

Each man's heart is a mine unworked,  
and all are rich in metal,

Silver or copper, arsenic or iron, mer-  
cury lead or gold ;

More is beneath than can ever be  
brought up, veins to be wrought for  
ages,

When the life of Eternity beginneth,  
after the death of Time.

No man knoweth his own wealth, his  
mightiness for evil or for good,

No man hath guessed his capabilities,  
nor how he shall expand;

No one ever writ the half, nor spoke  
the tithe he thinketh,

Never yet was mind exhausted, nor one  
heart dug out.

We are here for an hour to catch a fated  
bent, and then, direct or crooked,

The arrow speedeth ever, as first aimed  
and shot by us,

That arrow of Existence, our own un-  
endable career,

Ever flying to its mark, the Infinite of  
joy or sorrow.

And every man's experience, is a lesson  
due to all,

For no one ever yet was taught of  
Heaven for selfish ends.

The trials and temptations thou hast seen,  
thy battles lost or won,

Were meant not for thyself alone, to  
strengthen only thee ;

The story of thy wreck in life, or winning  
the Fair Havens

Shall be the chart of safety, to thy neigh-  
bour for his bark :

Then say not thou so bitterly,—self-  
shewing is self-seeking,—

A fool's heart is worn upon his sleeve, for  
every daw to peck at :

No ! there is a generous egotism,—in  
wisdom genially uttered,

Frank and honest plainness, which no true  
man will despise.

In no self-seeking doth the Christian  
analyse his heart,

In no self-praising can he show the spots  
and wrinkles there ;

A servant, he hath much to do, and little  
time for doing ;

A soldier, duty is his end, with courage  
for the way ;

A man among his brother-men, he prizeth  
well their love,

And scorning no one's censure, asketh no  
one's praise.

A book is in no sort like a cable, to be  
judged by its weakest inch,

A chain to be condemned throughout,  
because some links are faulty ;

Neither as a hedge nor as a wall, to be  
measured for its usefulness by gaps,  
But generously, honourably, fairly, averaging  
this and that :

If the tree have any well-ripe fruits,  
produce them for the banquet,  
But let the sourlings be, a good tree beareth  
both :

It is the vice of our scribes to magnify both  
best and worst

In books they think to help by praise, or  
hope to harm by censure :

And some will read before they judge, other  
some will judge without the reading,  
Fairness guiding those, party and pre-  
judice these ;

Yet is your confessor of no party ;  
neither side can claim him ;  
High, or low, narrow, or broad,—in all are  
good and evil ;  
The Patriot, as the Christian, is found of  
every sect,  
And moderate men will bid God-speed  
to Patriots and to Christians ;—  
And, for the matter of prejudice, none  
asketh other than strict justice  
After honest diligence to learn an author's  
mind ;  
But books will live, and books will die,  
alone for their deservings,  
And no man's fame is made or marred,  
by other than himself :  
While, for better things than fame, good-  
doing and glad conscience,

A champion, shod in steel with these, can  
kick against the pricks ;  
Good doing, tokened by your love, O  
world of unseen friends,  
Glad conscience, stablished in Thy grace,  
my Saviour and my God.

*Of Innocence and Guilt.*

---

HAPPY art thou O son, if thou hast walked  
innocently,

Baffling corruption in thy heart, and  
battling the temptations of the world;

Happy, if thy present is not clouded with  
the past,—nor miserably shadowed on  
the future,

Happy among men art thou, if hitherto thy  
converse hath been innocent:

If there be none of all thy brethren whom  
thy greed hath wronged,

None to complain of thee for meannesses,  
none to charge thee with injustice,

None whom thy vindictiveness hath  
slandered, none by thee maligned,

No poor cruelly entreated, no rich fraudu-  
lently spoiled;

If there be none of all thy sisters, whom  
thy passion hath betrayed,

No foul retrospects of folly, no dark con-  
sciousness of crime,

No young unguilty face, to dim thy  
remembrance with her tears,

No lower outcast claiming thee, hereafter,  
soul and body:

If to thyself thou hast been true, if thou  
hast been mindful of thy God,

Nor ever slept, nor ever woke, without a  
prayer to Him,

If thou hast at all times done thy best,  
bearing trials well,

If thou hast smiled at slander, and been  
humble under praise,

If thou hast diligently used thy talents and  
occasions,

If through good doing here, thou hast laid  
up treasure elsewhere,

Happy art thou, and honourable ; yea thy  
heart is peaceful,

Pleasant is thy sleep by night, and sweet  
is thy complacency by day.

Truly, an innocent life bringeth its own  
rewardings,

Truly, within and not without, is that  
better heaven.

Yet, art thou still in peril, and hast need  
of grace, my son,

To keep thee pure as now thou art, and  
save thee from a fall :

Yea, thou hast need of Angels, ministering  
good,

Thankfulness, humility, and fear ; praying  
and watching always.

For, this very hour, the Philistines may be  
upon thee, Samson,

Delilah may mesh thee in her hair, and  
steal from thee thy treasure,—

Or some evil covetousness stamp thee  
Ananias,

Or thy soul may drain that poison, spiritual  
pride.

Dread thine utter weakness, trust the  
strength of God,

Regard thy purer past only as a gift of  
mercy,

Kindly raise the fallen, considering thine  
own corruption,  
Look in fear upon the guilt that might  
have been thine own,  
Be humble, that is safety; in thankfulness  
be humble,  
And fling from thy clean hand the viper of  
self-righteousness.

And wretched art thou, O son,—though  
rich and gorged with pleasures,  
Though rank, and wealth, and favour set  
thee high above thy kind,  
Yea, most miserable art thou, if guilt is as  
a cancer on thy conscience,  
In memory of evil deeds, wilful and unre-  
pentent :

If thy selfish falsehood hath broken loving  
    hearts,

If thy coarser passions riot in the mysteries  
    of sin,

If thou hast stolen and defrauded, if thou  
    hast harmed through malice,

If thou hast secretly indulged, or openly  
    professed pollution :

Yea, thou hast seeds of sorrow planted in  
    thy heart

Enough to make its borders sad for ever  
    and for ever ;

Yea, there is need of nothing else, nor fire  
    nor worm undying,

To make the sinner's punishment eternal  
    and supreme ;

His conscious soul aflame with all those  
    burning memories,

This is enough for vengeance in whatever  
world :

Here, sharp terrors of discovery, and the  
pale faces of his victims,

Remorse, disease, and self contempt, despair  
for earth and heaven ;

Hereafter, all the past become a terrible  
present,

Never to end and never to mend, without  
one hope of better ;

Only misery to feed on, memory of chances  
gone,

Ruined good, and squandered talents, all  
one bitter chaos :

Such are the wages of the guilty, hourly  
paid him here,

And ever more to be the price of all his evil  
doings ;

Now, to darken every noon, and frighten  
every night,  
Then, to make eternal life an endless death  
to him.

Yet, is there hope, O brother,—still in life  
is hope,—

For He that giveth one more day, gave it  
for repentance.

Now, in this blest hour, put aside thy sins,  
Lay thy guilt on Christ, the scapegoat for  
all evil:

If this word, sincerely uttered, reacheth thee  
in solitude,

Put it not aside, but lift thy heart in  
momentary prayer;

Who knoweth, whether thy Good Angel  
be not now beside thee,

And did not the Father of the prodigal fall  
on his neck and kiss him?

If thou art in company with others, be not  
ashamed of Truth,

Seek to be alone awhile, and gaze upon her  
face:

This shall be a day to be remembered, the  
dawn of happy good,

The breaking of thy fetters, and the death  
to all thy fears:

Whatever may have been the past, however  
black and hideous,

It hath a present cure, repentance with  
amendment.

Be just in restitution where thou canst,  
confessing with discreetness,

And prove not so unjust to God, as to  
despair of grace;

Guilt is pardoned at the word, that Heaven  
waiteth long to hear,  
And pardoned guilt is that New Life, the  
next akin to innocence.

But, there are strange differences in guilt,  
as there is infinity toward innocence,  
This last leading up to God, and those  
being footsteps in corruption :  
And many causes of all kinds are leaven to  
the twain,  
Birth, education, circumstance, the mysteries  
of partial Providence.  
Far be it from any man to judge, ignorant  
and full of prejudice,  
For the race is run with various weights,  
that have to be allowed for.

An orphan outcast of the streets, bred in  
vice and cruelty,  
Whose only teachings have been theft,  
lying, lust and baseness,  
With nought but evil round him, and his  
mother's taint within,  
Some reprobate father's image, stunted in  
mind and body,—  
How to compare him as to guilt, with  
another nurtured in piety,  
Carefully taught and tended, come of a  
stock of saints,  
With every help for either world, health  
and wealth and kindness,  
And leanings to the good and pure through  
twenty generations?  
O Man, leave judgments to the Judge: it  
needeth an infinity of wisdom

To set those balances aright, which bless  
or ban a soul.

Yet there is a marvellous diversity among  
the characters of men,  
Heights of aspiration, and depths of degradation,  
with infinite breadths upon the  
level :

The many are read at a glance, neither  
very good nor very evil,  
Changeable to either sort, and kindly  
weakly natured ;

The few, of infinite capacities, bent toward  
right or wrong,  
So that thou shalt not easily gauge the saint  
or the sinner before thee :

There are higher heights in the spiritual  
life, than thy thought may reach,

There are deeper depths in wickedness,  
than common men can fathom ;

In either the immortal is perceived, the  
strong flight of that spirit is begun,

To wing its way for ever, through all good  
or evil worlds.

O Man, set steadily thy will to catch the  
breeze of Heaven,

Nor luff that iron rudder to the Maelstrom  
of the Lost ;

It is given to thy nature to be great, an  
awful Immortality,

And in thy hand is placed betimes its  
happiness or woe.

Needs must there be a separation, dividing  
the evil from the good ;

Worlds of retribution and reward, as worlds  
of resurrection in experience :

So long as consciousness surviveth, so long  
shall memory be keen ;

And there is no crueller avenger, no  
tenderer rewarder than Remembrance.

The Muses were daughters of Mnemosyne ;  
and Night the mother of Memory

Had likewise the Furies for her daughters,  
Remorse and bitter Shame.

Even with pardoned guilt, the scars will  
ache though healed :

But innocence hath no such scars, no  
aching if no healing :

To be well-forgiven may be joy, so to be  
redeemed from punishment,

Yet must that spirit recollect, painfully  
what evil it hath worked :

And there is a cloud upon its brow that  
never darkened innocence,

Whose crown of glory is not dimmed by  
memories of sin.

O youth, O man, O fair maid or matron,  
Keep innocency,—nothing less ensureth  
peace at the last :

Or, if utterly thou hast lost it, let no rash  
despair

Provoke thee to be reckless of the Grace  
that yearneth to restore thee :

Haste with penitence and prayer : all have  
need of mercy ;

All may ask it, if they will, and have it  
for the asking.

*Of this World's Age.*

---

GOD is truth, God is light, God is right  
and reason ;

He cannot darken nor deceive, nor cheat  
the sons of men :

That which He graveth on the rock, as  
that which He writeth in the Book,  
Leadeth not astray, is not dangerous to seek,  
nor difficult to find.

Fear not thou, meek Christian, the flare  
from Reason's torch

Illumining the caverns of the Earth, and  
searching secrets there ;

Be not ashamed, O Philosopher, but boldly  
show thy proofs

That mother Earth is old beyond all human  
computation ;

That infinite periods are needed for her  
mountains made of shells,

For her saltmines dried from ancient seas,  
for her ores and fossil forests,

For the monsters living through their  
centuries on continents of mud,

Millions of years ere Adam was, with Eden  
for his home.

As leaves of some old book, inscribed with  
unknown characters,

The strata, folios on folios, testify to bye-  
gone histories :

Whether in the page-like slates, and schales  
and films of stone,

Each with its beauteous illustration, ferns  
and flies and fishes,  
Or in the miles of massy chalk, or swath-  
ing thicknesses of clay,  
Or granite where all life was fused by force  
of primal fires,  
Or lower still where water, in the green  
Laurentian lime,  
Preserved to our microscopic wonder, the  
first-born atomies of life,—  
Everywhere, is manifestly written in cha-  
racters that all may read  
A vast antiquity for Earth scarce shorter  
than a past Eternity.

Moses, the wisest among men, taught by  
the God of wisdom,

Knew and spake of old the truths we now  
discover :

In the beginning of all æons, myriads of  
eras back,

In the beginning with the Word, who both  
was God and with God,

In that beginning of beginnings, He created  
all things,

The suns as they stand, and their planets as  
they roll, the universe, the Heavens  
and the Earth.

What need hath man to learn the history  
of all those ages ?

Why should his teacher of religion  
heap him with the chaos of their  
facts ?

Tribes of most ancient lower-life over-  
swarmed the desolated globe,

Preyed on each other and were whelmed,  
by earthquakes, deluges, volcanoes ;  
In a beautiful series of improvement, higher  
succeeding to the humbler,  
As if the choice of Wisdom was Perfection  
by degrees :  
Each wave of life congealing was a step-  
ping-stone beyond,  
Until they bridged that ancient sea with  
monumental death.  
But why encumber our minds with lore so  
slightly worth  
When in man's little year he scarce hath  
time for duties ?  
It were wise to leave riddles in the rocks,  
for science to solve thereafter,  
But not to vex an infant race, with themes  
beyond its ken :

So, when this everlasting scroll, that God  
hath fashioned all things,  
Was first and once, as by an Angel, flung  
across the universe of matter,  
The spirit of the Book, and of the World,  
commandeth holy silence,  
And the gulf of innumerable ages is leapt  
by Revelation.  
Era followed era, while Earth lay ripening  
for man,  
And multitudes of living things then served  
their generations :  
The rocks and giant hills are full of fossil  
forms,  
And half the crust of Earth is built of  
microscopic shells :  
Dragons fattened in the slime, while forests,  
matting overhead,

Drained, from premundane sunshine, our  
brightest coloured tints :

And grinding cataracts of ice, and tilts of  
land and water

Many times wrought destruction on those  
pristine tribes of Earth ;

Often the creation was renewed, standing  
on the ruins of a former,

Often, by fire or by flood, the catastrophes  
swept on to desolation.

Then, after many many ages, when earth  
stood rich in soils,

Laden with ores and fuel, stocked and stored  
with wealth,

Fitted, at God's behest, to bring forth food  
for man,

And baited with secrets for his intellect as  
well as with jewels for his pride,

Then, after some more crashing ruin, when  
the globe was void and formless,  
Dashed into fragments as a potsherd, and  
empty of all life,  
Then, the Spirit moved, on the face of  
drowning waters,  
And God commanded order, crystallizing  
from those ruins.  
Thus our Cosmos grew ; He willed it, day  
by day,  
(Why not a week of days, as easy as an  
instant or an æon ?)  
And, in harmonious succession, rising from  
the lowest to the highest,  
All our humbler creatures, and their mother  
Earth,  
Waited ready for their lord, the man whom  
God created.

Adam is our date,—as we are Adam's  
children ;

From Adam's birth six thousand years have  
well nigh sped on Earth.

To Adam's race alone, the Word by Moses  
spake,

And God was pleased Himself to live a  
very Son of Eve.

It may be there were earlier tribes, in some  
premundane eras,

Tribes analogous with man, but not of  
Adam's race :

Skulls in the sandstone, or the chalk, or the  
lias may yet be gathered,

To scatter sagest theory, but not harm  
foolish faith :

Hitherto nothing hath appeared, beyond  
some faint remains

Of savage men, who dwelt in caves, before  
our Noah's flood,

Battling wretchedly with beasts, extinct since  
that last deluge,

And downward sunk in misery, a whole  
degraded race,

Children of Cain scattered over earth, curst  
for their father's sake,

With his black mark set on them over all,  
as witnessed to this hour ;

Even in the Ark of refuge, the wife of  
Ham was one,

And so, indelibly for ever, was multiplied  
that ancient stain.

Perchance, if any so-called men were in  
those old creations,

God may have raised their bodies, in some  
earlier resurrection :

No trace would then be found, saving of  
the lower animals ;

While the absence of their lord proclaimed  
his higher calling :

But, what mattereth it to us, the new made  
race of Man,

The dynasty of Adam, formed to fill that  
ancient throne ?

From him, through a thousand generations,  
God doth give all good,

Commanding duties, promising rewards,  
and stirring hopes and fears ;

For which our privilege is gratitude, our  
daily strength is Faith,

Our aim a nobler sphere, and this old  
world's great future.

Yea : for a bright regeneration is ripening  
for this Earth,  
Its thousand years of days of years, accord-  
ing to the Scripture,  
A year for a day and a day for a year, no  
simple thousand years ;  
Three hundred threescore and five thousand  
make the wondrous sum :  
Then,—and the promise is to us, to us and  
to our children,  
Commencing within a generation that yet  
shall see the end,  
That glorious consummation for the Earth,  
our longed-for age of glory,  
Our holiday of happiness, our Sabbath of  
high praise,

Shall gladden all Earth's creatures, the lion  
as the ox,

The trees of the wood, and the flowers of  
the field, the hills and plains and  
valleys.

*Of Circumstance.*

---

BOAST not, O man of much adventure, for  
thou canst compass little,  
Save by steering with the tide, to catch the  
swing of circumstance ;  
Skill and courage are as nought, striving  
against the current,  
But best are shown and used, when with it,  
not against it.  
A wise man watcheth for his chance, to  
seize it on the instant,  
And, to be ready for that chance, must be  
well prepared beforehand :  
Therefore, a diligence in all things is the  
strongest fulcrum of success,

Therefore the many sided mind is ripe for  
every prize.

How mightily beyond our power, beyond  
our will or thought

The force of outer circumstance constraineth  
to obey :

Yet a man is no straw upon the hurricane ;  
his consciousness is calm ;

In patience, strength, and prayer he still can  
stem the tempest ;

Waiting and watching his occasion, self-  
possessed and shrewd,

He yet may make the vortex serve him not  
enslave him.

If thou art master of thyself, circumstance  
shall harm thee little ;

But weakness sloth and sin make men as  
leaves on eddies.

True, some seeming accident can fell the  
strong man by a blow,

Decisive and inevitable, to be patiently  
accepted as of Providence ;

Even if the throne of Palæologus be lost  
through such slight cause,

Well,—it was the will of Heaven, not the  
whim of chance ;

Or haply an honest serf, running with the  
crowd of sightseers

To win a glance at his loved Prince, the  
Russian's Czar and father,

Blest by happy circumstance, but ready for  
the act

In loyal heart and daring hand, and kindli-  
ness and honour,

Stayeth the crime of the assassin ; and  
leapeth into instant fortune

Hero and darling of his people, ennobled  
and enriched.

Or haply, in the dead of night, some half-  
mad jealous sister

Terribly perpetrateth murder upon sleeping  
infant innocence ;

And the false finger of suspicion pointed at  
the wretched father,

Ruin swept his home, calumny and hatred  
crushed him,

And all through evil circumstance, that he  
could not escape :

Yet had he governed early the wicked way-  
ward daughter,

Or lived the life of purity, that no ill  
tongue could taint,

Or frankly and manfully outspoken, quell-  
ing the voice of clamour,

He, as pitied, not condemned, might have  
overmastered circumstance.

All things spring of seeds, nothing groweth  
but from roots,

Even calumnious suspicion is weak against  
strong character :

And many times an innocent in fact hath  
suffered as a criminal in law

Deserving all that penalty, well due to old  
transgressions.

Wide is the range of circumstance, but nar-  
rower the difference in condition,

Happiness is measured out, to most, with  
equal hand.

Innocency, rarest among men,—yet some  
there be who keep it,

Innocency from the great offence, clean life  
with quiet conscience,

Innocency giveth in all states a double dole  
of happiness,—

And guilt detracteth from them all the half  
if not the whole.

Even disease upon her bed, lying there year  
after year,

Is cheerful and contented, with religion in  
her heart ;

Even strong health upon his hunter, gallop-  
ing over the uplands,

Is wretched from his sins, blaspheming as  
he leapt :

The little workhouse orphan, slave to some  
woman tyrant,

Singeth at her half-starved toil merrily spite  
of hardship;

While yonder highbred beauty, wearied  
with waltzing at the ball,

Sobbeth on her sofa, envious, piqued, un-  
happy.

It is not accident of circumstance, but innate  
quality of soul

That addeth peace or taketh it away, as  
well with the highest as the lowest.

Many things marvellous to us, until we  
know their causes,

Justify the government of Providence, with  
those their causes known.

Sometimes the profligate father hath a pious  
son,

Driven to such happy contrariety through  
hate of Helot-vice ;

Sometimes a profligate son shall cheat his  
pious father

For morals all too stern, and ill-advised  
restraints :

Guilt shall heap up wealth, if keenness and  
industry be added,—

And saints must come to poverty, if prudence  
be not theirs ;

Triumph is not given to the right, if vigour  
be wanting in its champion ;

And high success may crown the wrong  
through energy and skill.

Causes win consequents, and laws will  
govern universally,

Neither are they warped but by a miracle,  
that miracle born of prayer.

While thou canst, give diligence ; every sort  
of knowledge

Riseth to the surface in its turn on the  
eddyng torrent of life :

And it is the privilege of genius, energy  
seizing on occasion,

To use all sorts of knowledge, and make  
them serve its ends.

I have known a poor school teacher, hus-  
banding his scant leisure,

Studious of Chinese lore, while many  
mocked his folly ;

But in due time good circumstance swept  
by, an interpreter was wanted for a  
treaty,

The Chinese scholar was in quest, and lo !  
a man ready with his learning ;

Wealth and fame and fortune came within  
his reach,

And so well-skilled he gathered wealth and  
fame and fortune.

As occasion passeth on, if thy hand pluck  
not quickly at its sleeve,

It walketh away, thy chance is gone,  
because thou wast not ready.

The soil must be well-dressed, to give the  
seed full growth,

And for the battle of life, both mind and  
body should be athletes.

Therefore the aim of education should be  
more to build up character

Than painfully to store the mind with  
multitude of facts :

And the training, the discipline, the gram-  
mar, these are ends as well as means ;

Nerving and establishing the man, for much  
beyond his classics.

Our youths have Spartan lessons, and grow  
thereby strong and patient ;

Our maidens throng the Capuan school, for  
vanities and caprice.

Mindfully, with high conscience, true  
scholars study all things,

And learn betimes to use aright all weapons  
in all armouries.

A wise man redeemeth his time, that he  
may improve his chances ;

Diligence ever winneth reward upon oc-  
casion :

Never have I seen the statesman, the orator  
poet or preacher,

To whom his school day lessons came not  
as continual allies.

However wide the field, analogy in all  
things is so perfect,

No knowledge seemeth unavailable, no toil  
bringeth not its gain.

Therefore read and mark, and think and  
write for memory,

Therefore scorn no lore, for all are full of  
uses ;

The student of a shingle beach may find in  
stones true sermons ;

The watcher of a microscope shall win deep  
wisdom out of monads ;

He that knoweth to swim can save himself  
or another,

So earning second lives, by readiness for  
occasion ;

The linguist, multiplying usefulness, and  
fusing his ideas in other tongues,

Is fitted both to teach and learn, through  
being well prepared ;  
The musician pleaseth by his skill, philo-  
sophers make rich through science,  
But all must have given diligence, to be  
quick to the call of Circumstance.

Every one of us getteth his desert, somehow,  
somewhen, somewhere,  
Penalties are earned as surely as rewards,  
pains alike with pleasures :  
No man gathereth grapes of thorns, neither  
figs of thistles ;  
Everything is consequent, and nothing by a  
chance :  
This thy torment of disease, this racking of  
a joint or of a nerve,

Is due to thine own foolishness, and hath  
been well deserved :

All things grow of seeds, accident hath no  
real being,

That we sow we reap, that which is is  
ordered.

A wise man fitteth into Circumstance, easily  
cheerfully and wholly,

Even as a globule of quicksilver filleth up  
its any little mould ;

Instantly adaptable his mind acquiesceth  
contentedly and bravely

In all the will of Providence, led on by  
Duty's clue :

For he wotteth well and shrewdly, that, let  
whatever happen,

Circumstance is the servant, not the master  
of his soul,  
And that, looking still toward Heaven in  
his travail on the earth,  
He is gradually fitted for his place, and the  
work he hath to do.

*Of the Starry Heavens.*

---

“ The heavens declare the glory of God,  
and the firmament showeth His handy  
work :

“ One day telleth another, and one night  
proclaimeth to another :

“ There is neither speech nor language,  
where their voices are not heard ;

“ Their sound is gone out through all the  
earth, and their words to the ends of  
the world.”

The Spirit that sang in David, as the Mind  
that preached in Paul,

Knew and recorded long ago how various  
are the lights of heaven ;

That there is one glory of the sun and  
another glory of the moon,

And another glory of the stars, differing  
each from other :

And now doth modern science but retouch  
that ancient truth,

Dividing by three-angled glass those glories  
in proportions,

So that we calculate and prove what Paul  
and David saw,

And show that the Bible of the saint is  
equally the text-book of the sage.

O stars, inhabited of angels, worlds of won-  
drous glory,

That shine in your far stations, flaming  
    sentinels of Space,  
How full of mystery and marvel, rich in  
    unthought wealth,  
How beauteous and how vast are ye, strange  
    islands of the Blest !  
Walking in these fields by night, with dews  
    and solitude around me,  
Or on that rippled shingle, with music in  
    the waves,  
I lift my heart up with mine eyes, yearning  
    toward the stars,  
Each so different in glory, all so brilliant  
    and enormous,  
Wondering which of them is mine, my  
    kingdom of inheritance,  
Claimed through The Heir of all things,  
    my Saviour, God and Brother.

Is there not for each of us his star, as those  
of yore declared,—

(And old tradition runneth rooted strong in  
earth, like couch,)

A fated realm for the immortal, made  
co-heir in Christ,

A waiting throne with its angel here, to  
guard him on the way?

Each star beckoneth on to glory, our distant  
twinkling goal,

Albeit this clay-cold soil of earth may clog  
the wayward feet;

Ever are we creeping on in darkness, with  
Duty for a lantern through it all;

Ever fighting ambushed foes, and God to  
fight for us;

Ever do we grope and guess, hoping where  
we cannot see,

And all our wisdom here the while, is  
walking straight in faith.

O bright candles of the Lord, searching out  
earth's dark corners,

Calm witnesses to many deeds that fain  
would hide in night ;

Alas ! for the evils ye behold, the wrongs  
and harms and sorrows,

The discords that rush up from us to your  
harmonic sphere !

Yea, sinner, cease from sinning, in the sight  
of all these eyes,

Let them not see thy guilt, for shame, to  
testify far off ;

For thou art watched, O sinner, and thy  
works recorded ;

Repent, return, and sin no more beneath  
the conscious stars.

Suns, fixed centres of bright systems, grouped  
with unseen planets,  
All, one universe of globes careering round  
God's Throne,  
How meanly can we estimate the glory and  
high grace  
Hid in some sparkle, twinkling there, ten  
billion leagues away !  
Possibly, each star-sun is the central heaven  
to its system ;  
Probably, the worlds round each are tried  
and purified as ours ;  
For, matter tendeth to corruption, and  
moral trials unto purity ;

Exceeding broad are His commandments,  
filling the extremities of Space.

He spreadeth out the heavens like a curtain,  
woven of many lights,

A golden tissue of comets' trails, bejewelled  
with set worlds,

The Great King's robe of glory flowing to  
the footstool of His throne,

And glittering with its million suns, celestial  
mounts of light.

Our minds have skill to weigh those  
worlds, to measure out their dis-  
tances,

To note the nice diversities that tint their  
spectral hues ;

We calculate their structure and their  
elements, haply their creatures and  
their histories,

And shrewdly from a slenderest hint deduce  
some strong-limbed truth :

We judge that each,—of three millions we  
can count, and millions more half-seen,  
The clouds of diamond-dust around Je-  
hovah's chariot wheels,—

Is vaster than thought's vastest, brighter  
than imagination's brightest,

And peopled with glad creatures, all perfect  
in their kind,

Of novel forms in beauty, shapes and senses  
unconceived,

With other lights in colour, and other tones  
in music,

Strange pleasures, and new virtues, incom-  
municable thoughts,

And powers we cannot guess, capacities, in-  
tensities, expansions,

Pertaining to exalted natures, rich in glorious  
    gifts,  
And nobler in themselves than we, as  
    creatures nearer God.

Yet, are your thrones, O some among the  
    stars, waiting for their human kings,  
Heirs to fill those highest seats, made void  
    through war in heaven.

With many of you, each is vacant of its  
    head, — some down-hurled son of  
glory, —

And ready for a substituted chief, a brother  
    of the Christ,

A ransomed child of Adam, made through  
    suffering perfect,

Lower than the angels at his first, but  
    higher than them all hereafter.

Each star is a mighty kingdom, tributary  
to the central Sun,  
And stood, or swerved, in loyalty, when  
Lucifer tempted changes ;  
In some the pristine rulers, fallen from their  
pure seraphic state,  
Have left those Canaan cities to be won by  
Israel's host ;  
In some they stood sublime, Abdiels among  
the sons of Belial,  
Gaining the regalia for themselves, Arch-  
angels though not men ;  
Angels stood and angels fell ; as men may  
fall or stand,  
God's darling youngest-born, His Benjamins  
and Davids.

There be globes, near of kin to our world,  
    wanderers, dependents on the sun,  
So vast and rare and light, we may guess  
    them spiritual mansions ;  
That outer quaternion of planets, flying in  
    a wider orbit,  
The so-styled Jupiter and Saturn, Uranus  
    and furthest Neptune :  
These, each larger than this earth, by a  
    thousand times and more,  
Weigh yet as lightness for their bulk, seem-  
    ingly less substantial.  
Have such worlds expanded, balancing alike  
    for density,  
But swollen as to gaseous globes, fitted for  
    some half-material beings ?  
Have these four, purified by fire, attained  
    their incorruptible perfection ;

The like whereof we look for Earth, for  
Venus, Mercury and Mars ?

And is it that the lost huge planet, shattered  
into ninety provinces,

Asteroid-orbs that sweep midway between  
near Mars and Jupiter,

Burst and demolished for its sin, is a warn-  
ing to our grosser worlds,

Now looking equally to judgement, and  
waiting for a baptism of fire ?

That huge and ruined world, was it once  
the realm of Lucifer

Prince of the powers of the air, since fallen  
through ambition ?

And are the shattered fragments of his  
kingdom homes for evil angels,

Flung down to earth in meteors, and  
troubling our skies with pestilence,—

Wandering stars, soon to be put out, in  
blackness of darkness for ever ?  
For behold,—that devastated globe, vast as  
Jupiter or Neptune,  
May have been comet-struck for sin just  
before man was made ;  
And its degraded monarch have striven thus  
to seize  
The new weak creature's kingdom for his  
glory and revenges.

And for those better four, flowering in  
season from their roots,  
Each hath grown to its millenium, and  
won that æon of its glory ;  
Each is now the happy home of beings  
purified from matter,

Having passed, long eras since, through  
fiery ordeals to perfection.

Then, as for our humbler four, Mars,  
Earth, Mercury, and Venus,

Now we stand for illustration set before  
the universe of worlds,

Showing that earlier phase, the hour of  
sin and trial,

Homely in Time's working-dress before  
our Sabbath suit ;

But meant to be hereafter clothed-upon and  
grown to be fit heavens for their children,

Wide enough for all the generations of  
all creatures born therein.

Earth (and those near planets in their  
season, at intervals of million ages,)

May swell and ripen in the fire, when its  
elements shall melt with fervent heat ;

Expanded thus as Jupiter, magnified some  
thirteen hundred times  
Yet with its equipoise unaltered, being in  
its density the same,  
Cleansed by that baptism of fire, as once  
washed clean by water,  
Made an ethereal palace for holier ransomed creatures,  
Earth then would thus be large enough,  
the heritage for all her children,  
Children of every class, the humblest as  
the highest,  
Not only man, but all his serfs, degraded  
through his sin,  
Innocents who yet shall share his blessing  
in Salvation.

Comets, enormous and imponderable, spheres  
of burning vapour,  
Flying on your fiery track with more than  
lightning speed,  
Darted from every point by thousands,  
mesh of tangled threads  
Shot from the depths of space, as spinning  
star to star,  
Are ye then electric shuttles, weaving warp  
and woof  
Of light and life throughout the universe,  
travelling from suns to planets?

Moons, struck off as at a tangent from  
the sides of new-made worlds,  
Slumbering, as slept Adam, before his fall  
came nigh,

Are ye not outcast satellites, possibly sad  
homes for evil,

Exiled from those brighter spheres, where  
good alone may dwell?

The rings that girdle Saturn, the orbs that  
float round Jupiter,

These may be the prisons for the convicts  
of those worlds:

And what then, set aside for us, is yonder  
globe of cinders,

Blistered with heat, or glaciated with cold,  
on either hideous hemisphere,—

Our lamp of night, our witness to most  
sin, thefts, and lusts, and murders,

Our neighbouring shore of burning cones,  
airless, empty, waterless,—

Goddess of the worst idolatries, witchcrafts,  
crimes, and cruelties,

Hecate, Asharoth, Diana, our pale and  
guilty Moon?

May not this be thus the prisonhouse,  
where evil shall be pent,

When, concrete in ill bodies, sin is driven  
out of Earth?

Meteors,—who knoweth, who can guess,  
your various inexplicable natures?

Or, fragments of that shattered world,  
aërolite morsels of its provinces?

Or haply, lava-masses from the mountains  
of the moon?

Or bubble worlds of gas? or ministering  
flames of fire?

Or wandering powers of the air? or young  
stars shot beyond their orbits?

Or strange concretions of matter, collected  
by atoms on the firmament ?

Or globes of electric light, fired by an  
atmospheric touch ?

Who knoweth, who can guess ?—In beautiful  
majestic slowness

Now, like a moon, a meteor's arch will  
span the summer sky,

Then with a burst of lustre will quench the  
common starlight,

Leaving heaven by contrast black, before  
our startled eyes ;

Now, like a fiery hail across autumnal  
clouds

The meteors rush and crackle, like a sleet  
of arrows,

Or burst on high and hurl below hot  
masses of strange metal,

As shot from lunar mortars, and with  
thunder of artillery.

Yea ; how lightly by us all are the wonders  
of the firmament considered ;

Marvels every night, by grovelling man  
unnoted :

Yet the most ancient of all books, most read  
and by all nations

Equally and freely as a universal tongue, is  
yonder starlit heaven.

The wise Chaldæan, and the shepherd of  
Judæa, thought far more than we

Of what those characters might mean,  
which God hath writ in suns :

They guessed at much we know, and long  
ago have travelled for themselves

76      *Of the Starry Heavens.*

Among the stars in spirit, as Will might  
give them wings.

And still that silent sermon is preached to  
us each by night

Whispering, come up hither, we can show  
you wonders.

Who heedeth? even heeding, who doth  
not idly gossip names,

Ursa, Orion, and the Pleiades, nursery tales  
and figures?—

Lo, it is the universe thou scannest, half  
the wealth of God,

His wisdom, and His power, and where  
His honour dwelleth,

Creations inconceivable, exquisitely poised  
and ordered,

Full of hallowed harmonies and glorious  
evermore,

Worlds to which earth is but a millet-seed,  
—suns so much vaster than our sun  
That numbers fail to show us of how  
little count it is:  
The star we name Alcyone, centre of all  
these systems,  
Is a mass as of a hundred million suns,  
our sun making half a million earths.  
Yet, Earth, with all its littleness, is the  
spot which Heaven's King  
Chose in His infinite humility, to favour  
as the greatest,  
Selected for that drama, whereat all the  
worlds are wondering,  
Salvation through incarnate God, and  
glory born of sorrow:  
And man, poor victim of that sorrow, is  
yet to be the co-heir of that glory,

Meanwhile groping in the dark, and crying  
like an infant for the dawn;  
Still, with a mind to rise to God, a tongue  
to speak His praise,  
A heart to give Him love for love, a soul  
to live with Him for ever!

*Of Probabilities.*

---

BEFORE all things, God was probable, the  
first and the greatest Probability,  
One self-existing source of Life, the solitary  
seed of all creation :

That He should be good was probable, for  
evil tendeth to decay,

Neither subsisteth of itself, but is only the  
corruption of a better :

That He should be all mighty, all wise,  
all merciful, all just,

Would be certainties of One Great Good,  
eternally without competitor :

Yet would His benevolence forbid a sullen  
and an isolated oneness,

And so a plurality of Persons would be  
likely in that Essence:

Thus taking counsel with Himself, in equal  
harmonious companionship

He should, everlastingly beneficent, have  
willed the happy presence of His peers.

And these should be Three in one, a  
Trinity, neither more nor fewer,

The likeliest number for society, to last as  
a partnership of friends.

It were probable that one name should  
stand the Primal Father,

And that another should be hailed the  
Everlasting Son,

And that the Spirit of these twain, eternally  
united,

Should shine the lightsome living Bond, of  
God, that Great Triune :

Were it more probable that God, a non-  
affectioned Unit

Should choose eternal solitude, unsympa-  
thetic Self,—

Nor rather elect as His vast happiness a  
gloriously consorted Essence,

Equal, in three united Friends who live  
and love as one?

So then, that Grandest Probability, of God  
and His attributes and Persons,

Is hinted as an aid to faith, though scarce a  
proof to doubt.

And for that objection in thy thoughts, of  
some antagonist evil,

Some seemingly eternal opposite hindering  
eternal good,  
Consider was it probable or not, that crea-  
tures be imperfect,  
Or faultless in perfections, and thus equalled  
with their Maker?  
And if imperfect and allowed free space for  
worse or better,  
Better, with grace given from above, or  
worse, that grace withheld,  
(Withheld from no caprice, no lack of large  
Benevolence,  
But urged by deep good cause for the  
greater blessing of Creation,)  
The creature thus might fall, his good might  
grow corrupted,  
His powers decayed, his health diseased, his  
moral brightness darkened,

And so should sin and evil, concretes not  
utter abstracts,  
Cling, as if native parasites, to creatures  
less than perfect.

But if a fall were probable, thus from the  
nature of matter,  
What were the next high probability ex-  
pectable from God?  
His grace would plan, His skill invent, a  
scheme of full recovery,  
Whereby the universe of intellect might  
learn and love Him better.  
Himself would be the creature, Himself  
would bear the penalty,  
Himself, as suffering in that creature, should  
lift it to Himself.

So should He take into His Being, nearer  
to the Triune Essence,  
A lost and won Creation, made only all  
the happier from its grief.

And look to the details of our Fall: death  
was not first for man ;  
But reigned in old creations, æons before  
Adam.  
And when the Maker willed, and our great  
forefather came  
Full aged monarch of the world, to people  
and to rule it,  
The simplest test, an apple, was given for  
obedience, and he fell ;  
Yearning for knowledge as for good, the  
tempted novice failed.

And so the second Adam should die that  
self-same hour,  
Having lived what the first had overleapt,  
some thirty years and three.  
There seemed a probability herein that  
Christ should fill that sum,  
Infant, youth, and man, antedating full-  
grown Adam.

And how should He be born but as of  
miracle? and wherefore should not  
Eve who sinned  
See honour given to her sex through highly  
favoured Mary?  
It were likely that God's great grace should  
glorify transgressing woman,  
Therefore was the Virgin overshadowed by  
the Spirit of all Life.

And how should He die but as of sacrifice?  
innocent, the conqueror of death,  
The martyred priest of truth hung between  
earth and heaven,  
Preaching there with outstretched arms to  
angels and to men,  
Victim to His own great justice, and the  
outcast of the world.  
Thus was the Gospel fully probable: and  
all that ever happened  
Equally in Providence and grace to the  
well-enlightened mind  
Would seem to be probable and fit, neither  
should have happened otherwise;  
For God had ordered every mean and cer-  
tified its end.

It was likely that a Mahomet should rise,  
forcing religion by the sword,

Likely that Rome should graft the papal  
on the pagan,

Likely that a Luther should restore the  
purity of faith,

Likely that differing sects should slay one  
another in Jerusalem :

That England should be Freedom's refuge,  
as a distant outpost island,

And thence should be great among the  
nations, from her ships, her colonies,  
and commerce ;

That hardship should energize the North,  
that luxury should enervate the South,

That the East, decaying from old age,  
should be servant to the strong young  
West ;

And that, as a planet by itself, America  
should grow and prosper

Vaster and mightier than all those older  
dynasties and empires.

And so of most things else ; enlightened by  
their issues,

We note them well-foreshadowed in their  
likelihoods to be :

And I judge that a prophet might arise,  
keen in unassisted reason,

Nor needing higher inspiration than a deep-  
read knowledge of mankind,

Who might deduce the future from inspec-  
tion of the past,

Gathering from likelihood and cause all  
consequents to come.

*Of Scripture and Science.*

---

A BOOK of revelation for the fallen, to lead  
us back to good,  
(Wherefrom through a thousand generations  
we all have gone astray,)  
The book that had to speak of God, of  
souls, and hell, and heaven,  
In utterance from the pious of all ages,  
announcing religion and redemption,  
How could it turn from its great end, to  
deal with trivial things,  
Our lesser themes of science, the temporal  
instead of the eternal?

Wherein should we desire for our minds  
playthings to gladden curiosity,  
And not rather for our hearts the nourish-  
ment of spiritual good?

It were beneath the dignity, it were beside  
the object,

It were derogation from the Bible, should it  
stoop to be the manual of science.

Moreover, pride is to be humbled,—and  
knowledge puffeth up;

The loftiness of man must be brought low,  
by innermost conviction and conversion;

Affections grovelling down to earth our  
God would raise and purify,

And cure man's moral cancer by the  
Gospel of his Love:

So then, let Reason not expect, that the  
grand revelation of Religion

Will be liberal in answers to the questions  
our intellect would ask of Nature ;  
Let us hope it rather rich unto salvation,  
in thoughts that lead to glory,  
A feast of wine upon the lees for souls who  
thirst for Grace.

Yet, whensoever the Great Teacher might  
touch with His skirts in passing  
The barren sands of science that edge His  
narrow way,  
He should for morality show truth, not  
countersigning falsehood,  
Making it manifest He knoweth, more  
than he will turn aside to tell ;  
Truth, not pedantically exact,—the sun  
may rise and set,

He may speak of the ends of the earth, He  
    may tell of the windows of heaven ;  
But, as in the miracle of Joshua, proving  
    that if earth stood still  
The moon, not less than the sun, must  
    stop in due obedience to that mandate ;  
Truth, incidentally declaring He hath made  
    the round world so strong,  
Showing earth a sphere self-poised, and  
    not a long flat plain ;  
He may tell of Adam's race, the redeemed  
    and favoured family,  
But leave quite unrecorded whether there  
    were other sorts of Man :  
Moses may teach us in the Genesis how  
    earth was re-established in Order,  
But he need not touch Old Matter, nor the  
    ages of pre-existing life ;

These things are written in the stones,  
for reason at its leisure to search  
out,

But what is written in the Book is a  
searching proper for the spirit :

Nature, as pictured on the Bible, is simply  
recorded in appearance,

The sun may rejoice to run his course,  
the heavens may drop down dew ;—

Albeit the dew ariseth, albeit the sun stand  
still,

Even a philosopher unblamed will use  
those common phrases :

But ofttimes hints of higher knowledge  
are dropped as by accident in Scrip-  
ture,

Testifying even to this hour that the Bible  
is before the age.

He stretcheth out the north over the empty  
space, and hangeth the world upon  
nothing ;

Here is a glimpse at polar tilts, and their  
magnetic bearing :

We read about rivers of oil, and oil sucked  
out of the rock,—

The latest of discoveries with us, but known  
to Job and Moses :

Behemoth and Leviathan are chronicled,  
as close in contiguity with man ;

And many monsters, thought extinct, are  
now proved his companions ;

The Mammoth, and possibly the Dragon,  
that giant lizard of the wold,

Were synchronous with man upon his earth ;  
so Scripture saith to Science :

Ancient times and peoples of those earliest  
books of Moses,

Giants on the earth in old days, Zamzum-  
mim and their like,

Hint at possible primal tribes beside our race  
of Adam,

Albeit none have found as yet one bone or  
stone for proof:

The flood that drowned the world of men  
on Asia's sunny plain,

Was not of necessity for Europe, where man  
was not yet found:

The fountains of the deep were broken up;  
the foundations of the world are out  
of course;

He changeth the vestures of the globe, by  
strata laid on strata:

In the days of the patriarch Peleg, was not  
the earth divided,—

By continents and islands broken off, accord-  
ing to the old traditions?

He hath weighed the substance of the globe,  
exactly, as in a balance ;

Holding it up by His omnipotence, the  
hollow of His hand :

He sitteth on the circle of the world, guiding  
its career upon that orbit,

And calleth out the stars by name, His  
worlds, His many mansions ;

He recordeth some sweet influence of the  
Pleiades,—possibly that central Throne

The wondrous Star Alcyone, round which  
this universe revolveth :

If winged angels are in vision, were they  
not framed with due analogy,

Not as painters dream, impossibly fledged  
and pinioned,

But wisely and reasonably too, according to  
proportions and proprieties,

With two wings covering the face, to cleave  
the air therewith,  
And two wings spread beyond the feet, to  
steer the course thereby,  
And two, to speed the flight; so seen of  
Isaiah and Ezekiel :  
Doth not the Preacher when he preacheth,  
of the wheel broken at the cistern,  
And the pitcher broken at the fountain, and  
the death of worn-out age,  
Tell of arteries and veins, and the circulating  
blood of life,  
The life that is the blood, unguessed for  
thirty centuries ?  
Who gave England Judah's Lion ? Who  
appointed eagles for the Nations ?  
Is it not He who hath forewarned this car-  
case of their gathering together ?—

Many are running to and fro, and words go  
    very swiftly,  
And knowledge is increased, is flashed as  
    lightning flasheth ;  
All corners of the earth are being peopled,  
    her rough places are made plain,  
The valleys are exalted, and the very Alps  
    cut through ;  
We shall fly with wings as eagles, subduing  
    yet the air of our globe,—  
As fire and earth and water are subdued, all  
    being parts of our heritage ;  
And the world shall be one great brother-  
    hood, acknowledged of one blood,  
Freely to buy and to sell, going freely hither  
    and thither,  
And all shall have one lip, one language,  
    one religion,

With tolerance for all creeds, as in Peter's  
sheet of beasts.

Are not these things and their like written  
in the text book of the saints?

Is not that book worthy of all reverence  
from the sages?

*Of Silence.*

---

HOLY Silence, happy Silence, thought-  
creating Silence,  
Blessed and luxurious Silence,—lo, how  
scarce thou art !  
Within, loud turmoil of the spirit, or vexing  
whispers of the conscience,  
Worrying remembrances of evil, craving  
aspirations after good ;  
Without, the clamour of the world, of talk-  
ing men and women,  
And all those material perturbations dis-  
turbing our tiny planet-selves,—

Alas ! how seldom is a man the fortunate  
anchorite of silence ;  
How rarely can he taste that balm, or listen  
to that music !

In old days great Pythagoras commanded  
holy silence  
As nurse of all the virtues and the learnings  
and the loves ;  
Five years his acolytes were dumb, and only  
looked their thoughts,  
And then might help the Teacher, vessels full  
of infused lore :  
Silence was their breeding-time for crystals  
of the mind ;  
And many would be wiser if they studied  
thus from Samos :—

Half the awe of idols lay in mystery of  
silence ;

Half the power of priestcraft is cold reticence at will.

Silence was Pygmalion's love concreted in a  
statue ;

Silence was the abstract charm to Zimmerman in solitude.

Silence strangely melteth down the felon's  
iron heart ;

Silence to the Trappist is the mute beside his  
coffin.

How oftentimes is Silence the wisest of  
replies !

When insolence provoketh, when slander  
false-accuseth,

When ignorance and prejudice are full of  
idle talk ;

Let silence be the answer on thy lip and in  
thy life.

So too, when many praise, as well as when  
they blame,

And when thy name is loudest in the  
mouths of men,

Thy strength is to sit still, in wise and  
humble silence;

Let Silence lay her finger on thine unpre-  
sumptuous lip.

Lo, the vast difference to souls within the  
sphere of silence !

That magic ring to one is life, to other  
nigh to death.

Innocence tenderly enjoyeth the blessed  
calm of silence,

Listening as an infant to its lullaby of  
peace :

Guilt, terrified at self, abhorreth silent  
solitude,

And findeth that sweet music only loud  
with hideous sound :

The keen mind, full of thought, rejoiceth  
in a quiet hour ;

While dullards hold it irksome, to be killed  
as best they can :

Health can hear therein only glad hopes  
and memories ;

While nervous irritable disease hath peopled  
it with fears :

The poet loveth that rare calm, as incense  
to his spirit ;

The tattling gossip longeth but to spoil it  
with his talk.

To all it is a test of state, bearing to be  
alone,

Alone with God and conscience, and the  
memories of thy life :

If eager to escape from these, avoid accusing  
silence ;

If calm in their communion, thou wilt seek  
it as thy friend.

Hast thou kept thine innocence ? are thy  
memories pure ?

Is thine that honest and good heart, which  
The Master loveth ?

Then shalt thou rejoice alway to breathe  
the balm of silence

On lonely hills or strolling by the solitary  
sea.

Silence strengtheneth love,—innocent and  
unintended silence,

Whereto do cling excuses and kind fancy  
pleading well:

Silence weakeneth love,—obstinate, guilty  
silence,

Where doubts and fears and thoughts of  
scorn combine to wean the heart.

The long-unanswered letter doth friendship  
nigh to death,

And few affections can endure determined  
dogged silence.

And woe, too, for the clamorous home where  
silence hath no lover,

But scolding worry drowneth good, alike by  
day and night:

There is the brawling wife, there are the  
wrangling children,

There the tongue's hot embassy provoketh  
instant strife ;

There the sad peace-lover in vain imploreth  
blessed silence,

For all the loves and graces have been scared  
from that loud home.

Wise and kind and good are the eloquent  
Silences of Scripture,

For grace is shown in light withheld, not  
less than in light given.

It would have diverted man from God, the  
one great end of his existence,

Had he been told too fully of the constant  
ministry of angels :

He would have scorned short Time, in  
teachings of the past Eternity ;

And even an awful Future is made lower in  
importance than the Present :

He would have been terrified from duties,  
if the spirits of the dead had hemmed  
him round,

Or were it to be made his care, to help or  
serve them in their Hades :

Curious questions are unanswered with,  
“What is that to thee?”

The simpler, “Follow me,” is utterly man’s  
duty.

Yet may we speculate and argue, for God  
hath given us reason,

And lights may dawn on Providence, that  
Scripture had not shown.

He biddeth ears to ear, He willeth eyes to  
see,

He is pleased if intelligence search out His  
workings with humility.

The Silences that whisper in earth's caverns  
to the everlasting hills,  
The Silences of angels and of ghosts, and  
of animals with their spirits,  
These deep mysteries are themes that man  
may desire to look into,  
Groping through their darkness to feel for  
hidden truths.  
The puzzling wonders in creation, mingled  
good and evil,—  
Not due to Adam's sin, which blighted  
Adam's race,  
But longer of old and with innocent tribes,  
in those past million ages  
After the undateable Beginning and before  
our week of Cosmos,—  
Those are in silence till one seeth in these  
latter days,

That all things less than God decay from  
imperfections.

And angels were the labourers, under their  
great husbandman The Son,

Toiling for Him with skill and joy, rewarded  
and applauded ;

Each of them brought some organism, when  
our earth was peopled,

Which He should then infuse with life, and  
add the curious senses.

His artizans were made by Him, and so  
their works are His ;

And truer work have they to do than ever-  
chaunted hymns ;

The ministry of angels is seen in all  
creation,

As well as through our daily walk in teach-  
ing and delivering ;

And haply each may watch in love over his  
own blest handywork,  
For God made all things for Himself, but  
through His holy angels.  
These be truths scarce heard, lest utterance  
breed idolatries,  
That man may walk with God alone; and  
Silence thus is wisdom.

Speech is silver, Silence gold, according to  
the Spaniard;  
Silence is the pearl, and speech the gaping  
oyster.  
Silence is the subtle scent, and speech the  
smothery smoke;  
Silence is the mellow fruit, and speech the  
million leaves.

Some have called her wisdom, as at least  
concealing folly ;

Some have dubbed her more than half the  
Bhuddist's dream of Heaven :

Sleep and trance and ecstasy are all near kin  
to Silence ;

And the calm quietude of death is ever-  
blessed Silence.

*Of Spiritual Presences.*

THAT there be spirits multitudinous, infinite  
 for differences and numbers,  
 Spirits of good and evil, with all their  
 many intermediates,  
 The mischievous, the humorous, the sensual,  
 as well as the pious and the wise,—  
 Spirits of sinners as of saints, of idiots,  
 things and animals,—  
 That crowds of these there be, existing  
 somewhere somehow,  
 Most confess, and few deny, recognizing  
 spirit-immortality.

As the tree hath fallen, so the limbs must  
lie;

The bent and scars of time survive and  
spread for ever :

He that is pure becometh purer, he that is  
mean will yet be meaner,

The filthy shall be filthier still, the gracious  
grow in grace.

Spirit never dieth, neither is it merged into  
its God,

For weal or woe a separate life, its Maker's  
friend or foe :

And every inch of space in all earth's nooks  
and corners,

The highest Alpine peaks, as the deepest  
Ural mines,

The caverned halls of the Atlantic, the  
crowded hives of cities,

Every room in every house, every hill and  
valley,—

All have teemed with life, and been earth's  
homes to spirits.

So then these might claim to revisit each  
its birthplace,

And there re-act the good or ill that  
chiefly warped its fate :

And, if this had been allowed, the globe  
would be crowded up with spirits,

Multitudes everywhere together, generation  
jostling generation,

Until the commonest experience should be  
that of meeting ghosts,

Mentally recognised and felt, if not also  
heard and seen ;

And such perpetual obstruction to human  
    life and duty,  
Hindered and every way made void by in-  
    terfering spirits,  
Would steal responsibility from man, and  
    make his trial futile,  
Mingling his career, that should be separate,  
    with the deeds of a cloud of ancestors.

But, there is that Great Gulf fixed; and  
    none, or few, may pass it;  
So few,—if any ever passed,—that none is  
    nigh to truth.  
Spirit, once emancipate from flesh, glorying  
    in new-found freedom,  
Speedeth away to some vast orb where only  
    spirits dwell,

There to await the Resurrection, there to  
anticipate the judgment,  
There to dream of bliss to come, or dread  
foreboded pangs,  
There to be happy in self-consciousness, or  
to be tormented by remorse,  
There, as in God's waiting-hall, to bide His  
coming verdict.

Few:—what if such few, allowed for some  
dread reason,  
Have overleapt that wide abyss, as mes-  
sengers from Hades?  
Or, what if some have never left their scene  
of life's ordeal,  
And so may haply have remained, nor need  
a real returning?

It may be, burdened with dark secrets,  
harassed by inextinguished crimes,

A wretched soul hath now and then clung  
fiercely to its birthplace;

It may be that either of a pair, long joined  
in happy marriage,

Hovereth in deep love about the other,  
visiting its mate continually:

It may be, doting on her child, a mother's  
ghost hath lingered

To guard him, like an angel, from some  
perilous evil night:

It may be, rights or wrongs, deeply burnt  
into the spirit

May bring it grovelling back, till full  
revenge be found:

There have been writ such stories; some  
have seen strange sights;

Knockings, voices, sobbings, have disturbed  
the castle guest :  
The long unburied skeleton beneath the  
murderer's hearth,  
The flickering lights at midnight in the  
tapestried oak-chamber,  
The hurried taps along the wall, the  
whispers heard across the bed,  
The footsteps down the staircase,—nothing  
seen though closely followed,—  
The wail forewarning death, that time-  
worn family presage  
Accomplishing its own sure end through  
superstitious fear,—  
The spectral faces in old mirrors, the gallery  
paced by its procession,  
The murders and the treasures, and the  
wrongs revealed by ghosts,—

Such strange tales are rife; and fancy, with  
    imposture,  
Hath multiplied these terrors to the credulous  
    and cowardly :  
Yet, some few cases,—few, if any,—calmly  
    well-attested,  
Have staggered shrewdest doubters, and  
    compelled our sceptic faith :  
Here and there, we may have had revisitants  
    from Hades,  
Now and then, some spirit may have lingered long on earth :  
There be many things undreamt of our  
    philosophy, as the chief Poet hath  
    declared,  
Which natheless may be truths and facts  
    about that world of spirits ;  
And seers must stand well prepared, through  
    some magnetic fitness ;

The unsealed eye, the common ear, perceiveth not such presences :

But, as all ordinary law ruleth by regular appointment,

Which nothing less than God's own hand may alter as through miracle,

So it is only by a miracle, to be evidenced with rare cautions,

That ever spirit hath been left to do some work on earth,

That ever disembodied ghost was troubled about burial,

That ever any soul of man hath leapt that Great Gulf fixed.

Next, for the mystery of dreaming,—meet we spirits there ?

Or find we not that same Great Gulf, we may not pass, nor they ?

Sleep is the merciful relaxing, unstringing  
of the vital bow,

A loosing of the harpsichords, alike for mind  
and body,

Whereby they drain, through rest, from the  
harmonies of nature round them,

Both tunefulness and energy to sing their  
hymn of life:

And dreams are as the dews, uprising out  
of memories,

Vaporous clouds upsteaming from the  
marshes of the mind,

Now tinged by setting Fancy, and roseate  
with sweet thoughts,

Now rendered gloomy through regrets, or  
terrible from conscience.

Every day is closed as by its death, when  
we wrap us in the winding-sheet of sleep,  
Every night our spirits expand, as partially  
disfranchised from the body ;

It is a foreshadowing of the future, sleep the  
type of death,

And dreams suggesting to the soul its coming  
good or evil :

Our dull fatigued material lieth in a breath-  
ing dissolution,

While immaterial essence wandereth hither  
and thither ;

Sometimes, in old scenes of earth, curiously  
mingled with the present,

Sometimes, fashioning the future, wildly and  
discoloured by the past,

Sometimes—(as some think)—hovering with  
sister spirits,

Met in visionary worlds that vanish ere the  
morning:

None remember, and no one may declare,  
what passeth in those dreams;

Only their influences remain, with hints  
when just awaking:

We cannot win them back, nor coax their  
perished presence;

The consciousness of work-day life to them  
is instant banishment:

Often have we, all in vain, endeavoured so  
to stay them;

But the world-element of wakefulness scat-  
tered all those shadows;

Quickly fade they, soon forgotten, wreaths  
of mist in sunshine,

And rare is any record of them figured on  
the light.

Haunted by dark fancies, by sweet reveries  
refreshed,

The waking spirit ill remembereth aught  
but peace or trouble :

And it hath accorded with my musings, that  
some second life

Separate, continuous, and reasonable, is the  
condition of sleeping ;

Separate, as with other accidents, faces,  
scenes, and circumstances ;

Continuous, night after night, with special  
past and future ;

Reasonable, after its own sort, though little  
led by judgment ;

And conscious, as through habit, of some  
sense of right and wrong :

With the body's waking, that other life  
vanisheth away,

Gradually builded up again, with the body's  
slumbering.

Neither is reality more strong for scenes and  
pains and pleasures

Than in their keen ideals, born of sleep and  
dreams by night.

Often in the mediate condition, half sleep-  
ing and half waking,

We doubt within ourselves which of the  
twain is truest,

This work-day world of matter, with its  
real and hard experiences,

Or that the spirits' sabbath, free from worry,  
fear, and care :

This so looketh like a dream, that so  
showeth a reality,

Either seemeth other, as a sort of double  
life.

Whether in the body, or out of the body,—  
who shall truly tell?

For the mysteries of sleep are deep, in  
dreams and mental travel.

O rare kingdom of the mind, by space and  
time unbounded,

Where one may live a lifetime within a  
single night,

And seem to speed on spirit-wings beyond  
this humble planet,

And happily expand in light, as blossoming  
elsewhere,—

O pure realms of thought, how few in all  
earth's millions

Can claim to reign ideal kings above your  
vast domain!

Who hath known the spirit of a man, or  
how he fareth in his dreams,  
Or wherein the experience of one is tallied  
by another's?

I know a mind conscious in itself of two  
clear states of being,

The one with all its accidents in wakefulness,  
the other with its qualities in  
sleep :

Day by day continuously, the history of its  
common life is one ;

Night by night continuously, alike there is  
its unity of dreams :

Haply, the chambers of the brain, each  
with its special occupant,

Fancy, judgment, form, music, love, contention,

Sink to natural rest in sequence one by one,

Closing the windows of their house, in some  
alternate order :

Thus, while earthly talents gradually sink to  
slumber,

The native genius of the spirit waketh up  
spontaneously in dreams.

There is then the life of cultivation, social,  
normal, temporal ;

And there is the life of intuition, spiritual,  
strange, and individual :

Each hath a separate experience, yet is there  
but one spirit,

As if it lived, by day or night, at home in  
different rooms.

Rarely have I heard from others, never  
have I known myself

That any disembodied soul hath come to  
earth in dreams ;

Fancy pictureth the dead, affection listeneth  
to their voices,  
But all thou hearest, all thou seest, grew of  
thine own brain.

Lastly, for the ministry of angels: doubt-  
less, these be sent :

Shrewdly the good centurion proved their  
frequent presence.

When this our world was born, newly  
rolling out of chaos,

(Chaos, an old ruin of past ages, no firstling  
of the God of order,)

What was your mission, happy angels, when  
thus ye sang for joy ?

Were ye then nothing but the minstrels, the  
choristers and bards of Heaven ?

Verily, beside and beyond your exquisite  
soul-harmonies in music,  
Ye may have worshipped as artificers, in-  
telligently taught of God,  
Moulding lower works, exquisite in micro-  
scopic beauty,  
Which He then quickened into life and  
signed with His own signet.  
Wisdom and mercy well enjoined some  
special toil to each,  
Some insect, or some flower, some crystal, .  
seed, or shell ;  
Suffering His servants as co-workers, bring-  
ing tribute-offerings,  
The children's gifts to God their Father, on  
that His new-world's birthday.  
And as ye worked in Eden, ye may since  
have watched on earth

Those darlings of your skill His blessing  
    made so perfect,  
Present yourselves, though all unseen, in  
    woods and fields and valleys,  
And everywhere rejoicing in the works He  
    praised so well.

And as our ministering spirits, doing the  
    Master's bidding,  
The Great King's happy soldiers, obeying  
    His command,  
Whether ye be Cherubim, or Seraphim, or  
    names of light unknown,  
O pure and precious essences, ten thousands  
    of ten thousands,—  
How happily we think of you for help, in  
    time of doubt or trial,

How tenderly ye watch, and guide, and  
whisper—go this way !

Those among you highest under God,  
brightest and first of the creation,  
Embodied crystals of His attributes, and  
purest of His works,

Ever in the sunshine of His presence, Arch-  
angels (named in heaven

The strength of God, the joy of God, His  
wisdom, love, and truth)

How gladly we remember that, as Gabriel,  
or Michael,

Ye ministered to Mary, and to Abram, and  
to Christ ;

How thankfully we hope that humbler  
ranks of angels

Defend salvation's common heirs from  
danger and from sin !

Yet is there never an appearance ; spiritually,  
invisibly,

Through the listening heart and mind, oft  
in prayer and watching,

Thus not fighting against reason, nor con-  
straining circumstance,

Ye do lead and teach and guard, and stand  
our spirit-friends.

Amen ! we yield to your suggestions ;  
Amen ! we lean upon your arms,—

And feel no fear and no distrust but you  
will help us well.

So, not worshipping but honouring, as we  
honour friends,

Our fellowship is, under God, with minis-  
tering spirits.

*Of Time.*

---

A LITTLE while, a little while,—we know  
not what He meaneth,—

So much to lose, so much to gain,—all in  
this little while !

How strange a mystery is this, that the  
changeable should fix for ever,

That the perishable seaflower should last,  
eternally crystallised in silex :

A little while, a little space, a little chance  
and power,

Resulting yet in marvel, and everlasting  
strength ;

So we creep on our way, faint and darkling  
to the last,

And then emerge in brightness, and yearn-  
ingly expand to freedom.

Be it a month, or fourscore years, life is but  
a short swift season ;

A cradle, or the cincture of the world, would  
be equally a prison to the soul.

Just as one hath learned to cull a little  
wisdom,

Humbleness with confidence in self, courage,  
tenderness, religion,

Frankness, purity of life, health and cleanli-  
ness and silence,

Patience and hearing other sides, and charity  
with excusing,

Just as we have gained at last, through trial  
and experience,

Power to live more simply, more truly, and  
more wisely,

The bell tolleth, and we go, obeying the  
behest of Heaven,

The Master calleth and we come, to carry  
our life elsewhere :

O the vanity, the dignity, the woefulness,  
the happiness of life—

O many thoughts about this theme, wherein  
we all have part.

No man is safe until his death : Tellus the  
Athenian spake shrewdly ;

There is no staying in one stay, no certainty  
in life.

As wave succeedeth wave, passion foameth  
over passion,

One shall scarce be overcome, when another  
pusheth on to combat :

The prodigal, hardly cured, catcheth the  
leprosy of avarice ;

The wanton pleasure-hunter, chastened,  
falleth into cruelties of rage :

I have known strict moralities in youth issue  
in the old man's meanness ;

I have known the dissolute and prodigal  
change to the generous and pious :

For each was but one phase, of its own  
peculiar character,

Shewn in different lights, the polarised and  
common ;

Youth hath rare prismatic tints, but hard  
old age few beauties ;

And nature's primal outburst is tamed and  
toned by years.

The best are ever in most peril, save for  
    grace and habit,

As strung and tuned more exquisitely in the  
    key of passion.

None is ever safe; though mercy, circum-  
    stance, and custom

Be the triple wall around some David or  
    Josiah,

Honour, sentiment, or feeling, may tempt  
    to fatal sin;

And the one potency against it, is faithful  
    humble prayer.

Oftentimes the young man holdeth on, pure  
    in his earliest course,

Resisting temptation as it riseth, and wrest-  
    ling down proclivities of nature;

I have watched him safe to manhood,—then  
    through evil weakness

He hath turned aside, and is fallen ; his  
prime and age are marred !

And often some poor youths, dissolute and  
shameless at the first,

Are checked betimes and sorrowful, anon  
through grace repentant :

These penitents in age, as that once saint  
in boyhood,

Let all be humble for the present, culling  
wisdom from the past,—

All, out of God, are insecure ; all shall  
stand or fall,

As mercy willeth, not unsought : and none  
is safe alone.

Wherefore is there always such a charm to  
the pure and thoughtful spirit

In ancient things, and times of old, and all  
the hoary past?

That the cromlech and the ruin and the coin  
have a sort of nimbus round them,  
A hallowing kind of halo as in reverence to  
their age?

Wherefore is the very rust and moss counted  
for the bloom of beauty,  
And homage rendered simply to the veritable  
antique?—

One of the attributes of God is deep and  
indefinite antiquity,  
And all His characters are dear to Reason's  
purest thought:

He, as The Ancient of Days, antedateth all  
past time,

Therefore with intuitive desire His creatures  
emulate that attribute.

Time is a speck on Space, a cork in the  
boundless ocean,  
A bubble floating lightly, about the eternal  
universe,  
Which is an illimitable sphere, and existences  
its circumambient surface,  
And God the centre of convergence, and the  
radii His ever-present powers :  
And whenever it commenced, our cosmos  
must have burst in suddenly,  
Cutting the circle with abruptness, and  
breaking its continuous circumference.  
The absolute beginning of creation must  
seem to have had relative beginnings ;  
As if recording life before, which had not  
really lived :

The tree created had its rings, as if of ancient  
seasons,

The very seed newborn, was germed as from  
a parent,

The lion bounding in his might, gave  
evidence of former years,

And Adam at his prime, appeared to prove  
his childhood.

The butterfly argued a chrysalis, a caterpillar,  
an egg,

The fruitful soil of Eden showed old strata  
decomposed,

Its first day, born in Autumn, spake of  
previous spring and summer,

Its light from distant stars had travelled  
millenaries down.

Yet, none of these had pre-existed: neither  
did the God of Truth

Suffer seeming falsehood on His works,  
albeit He made them thus :

For by His word, distinctly, the fiat of  
creation was proclaimed,

All things ready at their best, with fruit  
after their kind.

Whenever Creation was begun, it must have  
entered in its panoply,

Perfect in results as of the past, in order to  
be perfect in this present :

And the God of eternal truth, willing to  
save reason's doubting,

Simply revealeth in The Word,—all firsts  
were at perfection :

Therefore, rich in seeds ; therefore with  
apparent testimony

To some previous generation, condensed in  
His quick fiat.

Short of eternity for matter, the only rest  
for reason

Is this temporal creation, with thus its  
riddles solved :

The Almighty caused a present, born  
momentarily at will,

To seem, not needfully to be, the growth of  
older pasts ;

And then to spare our faith all doubts  
about His truthfulness,

Grandly maketh proclamation,—the crea-  
ture at its best.

This cleareth up the mystery, this answereth  
reason's question ;

God's word expoundeth His works, even  
as His works His word.

He that dreameth of a monad, that all  
evolved thereout,

Assumed the Maker of this monad, framer  
of a microscopic cosmos ;

Place it far back in old eternity, still its birth  
was temporal,

Only the vaster marvel, if one atom-  
seed ;

But no wholesome mind can bear with such  
a folly,

Choosing the touch of a creator at some  
riper date.

Wherefore not a macroscopic cosmos ?

Minuteness magnifieth miracle :

Even if beneath Omnipotence all things  
were not equal.

At its best God's World-idea rolled out in  
teeming beauty,

Involving apparent preparations, as of years  
long past :

But possibly the times of non-intelligence  
were hastened to give man his heritage,  
And needed not the million ages our slow  
growths demand.

Worshippers of some new sort, freewilled,  
reasonable, fallible,

Were wanted at the Court of God, to  
illustrate His name,

To show true attributes in Heaven, solely to  
be seen through sin,

As colours in light are proved, only by the  
spectrum to distort them :

Therefore this fabric of the world might  
well be hurried up to man,

To quell the great expectancy, by clumping  
up those ages.

We are at the climax of the periods, we  
sum up long æons;

All the ancient chaos of the world resulted  
in man's era;

And our mundane life is, as it were an egg,  
a seed,

To bring forth Reason's fruit, in time, for  
immortality.

*Of little Providences.*

---

HAST thou not noted, O my brother, how  
carefully thy steps are guided,—  
How tenderly when thou dost well,—how  
sternly, doing ill ;  
What instant recompense or penalty, for  
duties or transgressions,  
Just judgment even here, in due reward and  
punishment ?  
Hast thou not watched upon thy way the  
myriad little matters  
Proving to thee everywhere that Providence  
is nigh,

Guiding, according to the covenant, ordered  
in all things and sure,

And making circumstances work together  
for thy good?

Infinitely great, infinitely little, infinite for  
past and future,

Everything is infinite around us, infinite  
alike within us.

There are globes of an immensity so vast,  
that earth is but a molecule beside  
them,

And spores of invisible fernseed are worlds  
of sensitive life.

What is man, that Thou art mindful of  
him? Behold, he is an atomy of dust

Dropt for a moment on a spot, that is but as  
a molehill to the mountains,

Himself a microscopic world, each man in-  
finitely wondrous,

With a past of preparations none have  
guessed, a future of evolvments none  
can calculate.

Thou art as a nothing to the universe, yet  
even thy thoughts are registered ;

Thou wanderest hither and thither, but  
every step is ordered ;

Thou goest as in freeness of thy will, yet  
Providence is ever on the way,

Beautifully guiding and preventing, inlaying  
the Mosaic of thy life.

All things hang together, causes facts and  
consequents ;

Nothing but hath had its seed, and yet shall  
yield its fruit :

Thou mayest take small heed, thou hast  
counted it a chance,

But that which now hath flowered, groweth  
on old roots ;

The egg was laid long years ago, before  
    yon eagle in the clouds ;  
The word was uttered in thy youth, that  
    made this friend or foe.

If for the climax of Eternity there seem vast  
    telescopic ends,  
Through Time, minutely running, flow the  
    microscopic means,—  
All things leavening up in mass, all con-  
    verging to a focus,  
And every thread and every ray a miracle of  
    care ;  
A miracle of mercy too, unless thy folly  
    scorn it ;  
A miracle of wisdom, whatever be thy  
    thought.

Sometimes, glimmering in the darkness, we  
note that shadowy Hand,

Sometimes catch a glitter of the golden  
thread

Showing its light as a spider's clue, through  
our caverned labyrinths,

And always safely leading, if we will not  
let it go.

The little hints of Providence are dropped  
as millet seed,

To crackle as we tread, and guide our dark-  
ling steps :

The thought, not yet on our lips, swift  
uttered by a friend,

The scene, pressed upon the mind, and  
present through a seeming accident,

Even the pattern on a carpet, even the  
paper of a room,

The right man casually met, the curious  
coincidence of matters,

The fruits to-day is gathering from plant-  
ings of old yesterdays,

The finding out, how often,—that strangers  
have part-lot with us,

Mixt with our past, joined to our present,  
and promising or threatening our  
future,—

The mysteries and histories in words, the  
wonderful properties of numbers,

The wit and apposite energy in jokes, puns,  
anagrams, and riddles,

All tell of unconsidered providences, ordering  
and working everywhere,

And waiting for the mind of man to note  
perfection in them.

The glory of God is in the highest, His  
glory is also in the lowest,  
Guiding the worlds in their courses, and  
piloting the thistledown not less ;  
He rideth on the wings of the storm, He  
lingereth in the perfume of a lily,  
He mouldeth the iceberg, and the Alp, and  
the atoms of a dust cloud in the desert :  
He that reared Jorullo, the burning Mexican  
mountain,  
Twelve thousand feet in a night, one hun-  
dred years ago,  
The same Hand exquisitely layeth, in tesse-  
lated microscopic beauty,  
The rainbowed roofs and pavements within  
the mouths of snails :  
He that raised up a Timour, or a Cæsar,  
for judgment on the nations,

Sitteth beside the school-child, as she singeth  
at her sampler ;  
He that inspired Adam's tongue, to give fit  
names to creatures,  
Ordained its rustling chirrup to the cricket  
on the hearth.

There is an intricate perfection, a minute  
fitness and completeness  
In everything about us, Providence, Grace,  
and Nature :  
All marvellously guided at every inch and  
instant,  
Circumstances, laws, and elements, animate  
beings or inanimate ;  
Music, numbers, and mechanics, grammar,  
art and science,

All, however human, showing sparks of the  
divine ;

Even the plays upon words, the witty turns  
of converse,

Declare superior wisdom lying hidden in  
their mirth ;

Majesty, shorn of its externals, is it but a  
jest,—or something more ?

While Nelson's name proclaimed from birth  
his honour from the Nile.

He that numbereth the stars, hath numbered  
the hairs of thy head,

No sparrow, and no dynasty, falleth without  
our Father :

The little and the great are His, the ludi-  
crous even as the grave,

Ay, and the evil as the good ; for, evil is  
but good corrupted :

This is the mystery of mysteries ; and where  
to draw the line ?

He is all-power and all-love, yet thus per-  
mitting misery ;

He is the mover in all life, alike in sinner  
as in saint ;

He blasteth in the pestilence, even as He  
blesseth in the sunshine :

All we are sure of, as in faith, is that He  
worketh righteousness ;

How, we see not now : but we shall know  
hereafter.

*Of Success.*

---

OF old, men worshipped Good Success,—  
made good by its succeeding ;

And now they worship nothing, but go  
wondering at Success :

The altar is not built, and the incense is not  
burnt,

But he that hath succeeded is, in spite of  
wrong, a hero :

They ask not how, nor why ; Success is  
answer wholly,—

The how of sin and why of shame, are  
nought if one succeedeth.

And in their profanity they judge, that facts  
are coins of Providence,

As stamped by God's authority, and issued  
in His name ;

But wrongs, though facts, must not be held  
such darlings of His mind,

He giveth those no mintmark, though the  
forgers pass them freely.

The Providence of God is throned on high  
above all facts :

Facts do not evidence His will, but oftener  
His forbearance.

A fact, a great success, may be a sin or fault  
or folly ;

God never wrought a wrong, in Nature  
Providence or Grace.

Laws once good may warp, and bend to evil  
issues,

But their corruption is a charge not to be  
laid on Providence:

True, He permitteth and is silent; wicked-  
ness awhile may prosper;

But none may claim for Providence a fact  
of crime or shame.

Nation riseth against nation, both thus  
punished for their sins,

And athletes batter athletes, while Justice  
looketh on,—

And victory will be given to the strongest,  
not for the conqueror's deserts,

But, simpler so, because the weak had earned  
this crushing judgment.

In vain ye chaunt *Te Deum*: He loveth  
not such praises,

He stood aside and suffered, and His hand  
was not stretched out.

Yet, the dread penalty shall fall, the meed  
for wrong successful,  
For nations are as persons, and are judged  
for that they do,—  
And “cursed be the man that moveth his  
neighbour’s landmark,”  
Shall ban conflicting peoples for those murders  
and those thefts.  
This is their day for triumph, but judgment  
cometh with the morrow,  
Woe unto the wrong-doer, his crimes—are  
millstones round his neck.  
Nothing can sanctify a sin, not even great  
success,  
And unrepented sin is punished in a nation  
by its ruin.

Wouldest thou make enemies, Succeed ;  
thou humblest many rivals ;

Envy, hatred, malice, shall dog thy great  
career ;

And failing, those are not thy friends ; thy  
sin hath been ambition,

And having missed the prize thyself, they  
mock at thee for spite.

Wouldest thou find friends, Succeed ; the  
crowd love hero-worship ;

And of those worshippers are some whose  
hearts are worth the winning :

Also, the generous of thy rivals will be  
friends to cheer thee for successes ;

And such be souls of noblest mark, friends  
whom the good can love.

O Success ! what a triumph to be safe, in  
view of all those perils ;

O Success ! what a happiness within, remembering those enemies without ;  
O Success ! if linked with pride and selfishness, how evil :  
O Success ! how great a good, well won and humbly worn.

Hast thou once succeeded,—hast thou hit the gold ?  
Take heed thou tempt not fortune,—she may turn her wheel and leave thee :  
Prudence whispereth, forbear ; but energy answereth prudence—  
Success shall never be the drag to check my flying chariot :  
Often is there seen the youth, diligent rather than ambitious,

Stopt short in early mid career by soon  
achieved success :

The prize, the class, the local praise, have  
satisfied his yearning ;

His mind is not moulded of the highest,  
seeing thus he feareth for his fame ;

Selfish glories have been gained, he will risk  
nothing further ;

And so that prudent whisper helped both  
indolence and pride.

Early fruit is seldom followed by a second  
crop ;

That precocious tree is shadowed by its  
hedge of laurels.

But if a mind be vigorous, and love not its  
own glory,

The tree shall strike root downward, and  
shoot its branches upward,

And leaving those young days, and all that  
    hedge of laurels,  
Will dare again to fling out fruits, and tempt  
    a new success :  
It is more generous so to dare : and lo, those  
    fruits are better,  
Riper, richer to the taste, than in its first  
    young days.

Alas ! the many yearning souls that never  
    won Success  
And yet have well deserved to win, for  
    diligence and merit.  
Alas, the gems unprized,—alas, the flowers  
    ungathered,  
Alas, the disappointed hopes, the spirits  
    broken down !

This seemeth bitter to thy tongue, but it  
may be sweetness in thy stomach,  
Failure is Success to thee, if thou couldst  
read all truth.

Take comfort in the happy thought that  
thou art guided wisely ;

Thy duty is to well-deserve that unachieved  
Success.

Courage !—try once more ; remember Palissy  
the Potter ;

Remember Bruce, six times o'erthrown, and  
conqueror in the seventh ;

Remember Joseph in his prison, soon all  
Egypt's ruler ;

Remember Christ upon His Cross,—did He  
not seem to fail ?

Never yet was Great Success, but it com-  
menced with Failure,—

Smoke is first and then the flame : and chaos  
before cosmos :

Night preceded day ; it is written, the even-  
ing and the morning ;

Seeds lie long in darkness, and their flowering  
is not yet :

Only strive, only deserve ; and fear not thou  
a Failure ;

Courage and constancy be thine, and thine  
shall be Success.

*Of the smaller Morals.*

---

KEEP the ten commandments with thy  
might, and do all highest duties ;  
But also pay thy lesser tithes of anise, mint  
and cummin :  
Honest, pure, contented, kindly, true,  
religious,  
Serving God, and loving man,—be these all  
thine at best :  
But heed thou also humbler things, the  
trifles of thy life,  
For life is filled with trifles, and they may  
not be despised.  
Much of happiness is missed through mere  
neglect of trifles,

Much of good-doing destroyed, for lack of  
tact and manner.

And godly men have erred in this contempt  
for taste and beauty,

By vulgar freedom driving high-bred souls  
away :

O the mass of meannesses, of harsh ungenial  
acts,

Scarce short of sin as shorn of grace, whereof  
some saints are guilty—

Saints, as men may taunt them, and who  
thus would style themselves,

But oftener chiefs of sinners as regard the  
smaller morals.

Selfish, inconsiderate, illiberal, and vain,

Can any such be saints indeed,—or hypo-  
crites at heart ?

And some there be, protesters against pam-  
pering of the flesh,

Separating cleanliness from godliness, who  
hold it holy to be filthy :

But He who bade the heart be sprinkled  
from an evil conscience,

Gave a simultaneous command, that the  
body should be washed in pure water ;

From the crown of the head to the sole of  
the feet ; keep this small moral daily ;

It shall be life and strength to thee, the  
cheapest of good comforts.

A sound mind in a sound body, is the  
blessedness of creatures ;

So spake the wise of old, and we cannot  
mend their wisdom.

And chief, for the sound mind ; to pass by  
highest morals—

Quiet conscience, hopes to come, and dili-  
gence in duty,—

Guard thou these lesser matters : never nurse  
regrets ;—

For sins, repent, forsake ; for chances lost,  
forget them :

Take thy cup as it is mixed ; accept thy lot  
with patience ;

Count all things sent of Providence, that are  
not shame or wrong :

Many have killed their comforts by sadden-  
ing reveries ;

Regrets are weakness, folly, grief ; sponge  
all regrets away.

Never worry for the future ; as never bewail  
the past ;

Trust in God ; for, day by day, He giveth  
daily bread ;

Thy fears may never come to head, thy  
carefulness is vanity,

And all thou gainest by distrust is loss of  
peace of mind.

Never delay about the present ; duties are  
all nows,—

Do that thou hast to do at once, and rid  
thee of its care.

The letter left unanswered is a petty thorn.  
of thought ;

Occasion once neglected may not visit thee  
again :

Things to be done, once done, are flung  
behind for ever,

And hinder not our onward way, nor vex us  
with their coming ;

Cheerfully, diligently, reasonably, work the  
work before thee,

Abjuring all those lesser sins, regret, distrust,  
delay.

Next, after health of mind, study health of  
body ;

Each man is his best physician as to meats  
and drinks.

All excess is bad ; abstinence, as intemper-  
ance ;

Gluttony is evil,—and starvation ; the ascetic  
sinneth as the epicure.

Eat thankfully, drink cheerfully, both in  
moderation ;

And let thine appetite survive its temperate  
repast.

Against ill dreams by night, and aches and  
pains by day,

Guard good health from heat and cold and  
wet and sudden changes ;

A little care, a little sense, shall save thee  
bitter trouble ;

It is no petty moral to preserve thy body's  
health.

Then, after prudent self-attentions, for the  
inner man and outer,

{ Regard the happiness of others, and so be  
happier thyself.

{ Have a merry word for every child, a gentle  
word for all dependents ;

{ A frank word for every man, a courteous  
word for every woman.

{ Speak kindly to thy horse and dog, that  
serve thee well and love thee ;

And bid the carman grease this wheel, or  
shift that galling buckle.

Spare the snail thy foot might crush, and  
save the drowning fly,

And shew the meanest thing alive that thou  
art like its God.

Drop a good word genially and shrewdly  
between contentious neighbours,

And, with discreet knight errantry, help and  
defend the right.

Crown every passing day with some good  
action daily,

And add to this the frequent prayer, un-  
heard of all but Heaven,

And add to these the happy thoughts re-  
corded on thy tablets,

And so redeem the time in little matters as  
in great.

For other smaller morals; pay quickly that  
thou owest;

The needy tradesman is made glad by such  
considerate haste.

Pay duly also those other petty debts, the  
letter, or the visit, or the gift;

It is always happiest to be just; and wiser  
so to rivet up young friendships.

For mirthful times, exaggeration is the soul  
of wit,

At others, speak plain truth; but blurt not  
out a secret.

From eye and ear and tongue and touch and  
thought reject all lewdness;

A poisonous double-savour will corrupt the  
sweetest spikenard.

Watch temper; evil temper is the com-  
monest sin,

And many perish through that sin; un-  
scathed by grosser crime :

Yet temper is in some a peevish habit of  
ill-health ;

Let diet be its petty cure, as animal per-  
verseness.

Trust men, and let them know it; they  
shall never cheat thee ;

But if thou show suspicions, they will use  
thee as they can.

Be not eager for a bargain, mindful of its  
starving worker,—

O the feverish hands of want that wrought  
this rich brocade !

Smite not thy neighbour in the dark, nor  
stab him in the back ;

Speak thine accusing openly, and hear ere  
thou condemn him.

Hide what is ugly and offensive, taught by  
the modesty of nature ;

Conceal defects for charity ; and cover up  
small faults.

Respect the religion of a man, whatever be  
his creed,—

Reverencing even superstition, if it seem both  
harmless and sincere.

Keep justice, keep generosity, yielding to  
neither singly ;

And follow each good impulse, but with  
reason by its side.

Consider, the Christian is a Gentleman ; and  
all that becometh gentle blood

Is thine of privilege and right, thine honour-  
able vocation :

Thou shalt be delicate, and true, chivalrous,  
calm, courageous,

Exhaling a sweet perfume from the garden  
of thy graces,  
That yieldeth fragrant flowers, rooted in the  
sturdy decalogue,  
And veiling under beauty's mask the skeletons of life.

*Of Rhyme and Rhythm.*

---

HEREIN is a deep mystery of Language, a  
mystery that none hath solved,  
A mystery that few consider, and no book  
noteth down :

How came it that for fifty centuries, of rea-  
sonable Man upon this earth,  
Speaking, singing, writing, full of love and  
music,

No one, till nine centuries ago, thought upon  
the melodies of rhyme,

No poet woke its echo, and no lover worked  
its charm ?

How happened it that all the seers of old,  
    psalmists and chief musicians,  
The lyrist with his amatory song, the  
    bacchanal shouting Evøe,  
Choruses pacing out their measures, in  
    cadence with their words,  
And all that either tragedy, or comedy, hath  
    breathed in perfect rhythm,  
Never,—but by scarce accident, utterly un-  
    noticed and unfelt,—  
Rose to the high harmony of rhyme, or fell  
    into the pleasantries of jingle.  
Go to Isaiah or to Job, to Moses Deborah  
    or David,—  
Search throughout Hesiod and Homer, Bion  
    Theocritus and Moschus,  
Ask of Pindar, Aristophanes, Æschylus,  
    Sophocles, Euripedes,

Even of Anacreon and Sappho, Horace  
Ovid and Tibullus,  
Virgil and Lucretius and Martial, Catullus  
Juvenal and Persius,  
Is there one of them who guessed, what  
magic lingereth in Rhyme,  
Did any of those lyric chiefs dream of this  
new glory?

Think with what added sweetness, Horace  
might have wooed his Lydia,  
Or Lesbia and her sparrow, have charmed  
us, in rhymed song;  
With what electric force, Tyrtæus would  
have roused the phalanx,  
And how the Dorian verses should have  
echoed in the hills;

How, pointed sharper by a rhyme, old  
    Martial's epigrams had bitten,

How pastoral bucolic strains had sounded  
    with sweet endings:

Verily, strange it seemeth, that with tongues  
    so rich in similarities,

Where every tense, and case, and mood, is  
    normally alike,

No one, through all ages, thought of the  
    gamut of language,

But only rang the changes on its times and  
    not its tones.

And stranger still it seemeth, that none have  
    noted this strangeness,

That scholiasts, commentators, teachers, over-  
    look it all;

I wot not where to seek, for one who saw  
    this marvel,

Or told how wonderful it is, that rhyming  
is so new.

Consider ; it would seem the very vice, of  
earliest savage tongues,  
Nursery-chime of the childhood of the  
world, a jingling everywhere ;  
Their love-ditties and war songs, their feasts  
and hunts and dirges,  
Should all be full of rhyming, from Jubal  
down to Merlin :  
And yet for nigh five thousand years, all  
poetry had flowed in rhythm,  
And neither Warrior, Sage, nor Fool, had  
rhymed a hymn or song ;  
Their ears, exquisite for time, curiously  
lacked for melody ;

Even their alliterative echoes led not on to  
rhymes ;

The strophe and antistrophe, were measures,  
but not music,

And syllables were counted, but no man  
gauged a sound :

There was needed, through long ages, the  
prophet to arise,

Teaching the metrical ear musical melodies  
too.

So, with another sense, brightened by  
modern energies,

It is but recently that landscape hath seemed  
pleasant to the sight :

Lately as in our grandsire's day, none could  
appreciate the Alps,

A cultivated plain, was all they thought of  
praising ;  
The grandest sublimities of nature were but  
horrid in their eyes,  
And none took note of scenery, nor cared to  
toil up mountains ;  
But the painter and the poet were at hand,  
pouring their eloquent preachings,  
And scales fell off men's eyes, and the  
glacier and the precipice are glorified.

Even thus it fared with poetry ; until nine  
centuries ago,  
And after well nigh fifty had heard the  
speech of men,  
The world awaited a discoverer, who found  
the trick of rhyme,

And charmed at once its listening ears, by  
sweet expected echoes.

Haply he came from the uttermost East,  
beyond the shores of Ind,  
From the far land of Sinim, or more remote  
Japan;

And wandering minstrels caught the strain,  
and wise monks heard it gladly,

And chaunted hymns and songs apace, in  
rough and cheery rhyme;

And soon the sweet infection spread over  
every land,

Charming the Northmen and the Celts, en-  
listing troubadours and trouveres,

None asking whence it sprang, while all  
enjoyed its pleasure,

And no man known as the inventor, of  
what so many used.

Only, in their Hades far away, were those  
ancient poets stirred,  
Finding that even Masters may have some-  
what left to learn ;  
That even their sweet harps had lacked this  
newest string ;  
That even choicest rhythm might be bettered  
by a rhyme.

*Of Zoilism.*

---

To pass just judgment on a good man's  
book, to gauge its author's mind,  
To print and scatter through the world thy  
verdict on his works,  
This is an honourable trust, a matter re-  
sponsible and anxious,  
Demanding knowledge, patience, care, with  
special kindness and acuteness :  
Haply the work upon thy desk is the  
ripened labour of a lifetime,  
Years of thought, research, and prayer, con-  
densed within that book ;

Happiness, fame, and fortune, hang on its  
success,

It may be also livelihood, children's bread,  
and honour ;

While the heart of a mother or a wife, and  
not alone its author's,

Will be pained or gladdened by the judgment,  
passed upon the one they love :

Yet, to this great result, this toilsome long  
achievement,

Some self-elected censor giveth one dyspeptic  
hour ;

Cursorily scanning it in haste, he decideth  
with superficial carelessness ;

And that despotic sentence shall be multiplied  
to the ends of the earth.

Even if no lower motives enter, no envious  
hatred of success,

In that same field where he hath failed, and  
will not brook a rival ;  
Even if no spirit of slander provoketh him  
to harm good fame ;  
If there be no lust of mischief in a man,  
anonymous and cowardly ;  
Even if the shibboleth of party commandeth  
neither praise nor blame ;  
If no book merchant interests affect  
antagonist Sosii,  
Still, there is indomitable hurry ; no time  
for honest judgment ;  
So many volumes to be scanned, and all  
before to-morrow :  
Grant what honesty thou wilt, still, over-  
worked and fevered,  
The critic is but rarely fit to judge a true  
book truly.

So, cometh it to pass, that the world heedeth  
lightly of such teachers ;

We hear their arbitrary dictates, but heed  
our own free thoughts :

In spite both of indolence and industry, men  
judge mainly for themselves,

And, lazy though they be, kick hard against  
the tyrants ;

They read and like and buy, following their  
own opinions,

And take small count of critics, howsoever  
such may dream :

The mighty We, yon nameless unit, how  
well scorned it is !

That undefined grand Name is Nothing  
when we know it.

The wizard's wand is powerless; for this  
Prospero hath broken it himself,  
He hath outraged truth and honour, there-  
fore is his censure praise:  
His spite is but a spur that quickeneth  
merit's paces;  
His puffs may swell dull bubbles, but only  
till they burst;  
The venom blast of envy, that hateth young  
success,  
Is but as a tonic in the air, bracing and  
fixing popularity;  
Even the should-be Marsyas, as flayed by  
his malignant censors,  
Stolidly rhinoceros-hided, scorneth all their  
scalpels.

No man dreadeth Zoilus, no woman courteth  
Aristarchus ;

No Keats again shall die of such ; no Shelley  
pale before them :

Actors, unfaithful hypocrites, they over-  
play their parts ;

Pens are poignards in their hands ; an ink-  
stand the fountain of detraction.

The critic, taking refuge in reviling, as an  
idler method than reviewing,

Filleth the public ear, for gain, with flashy  
slanders ;

But the crowds that laugh and listen, while  
they like such humours,

Only despise that cankerous tongue, and  
take the victim's part :

Critics have diligently managed, by dint of  
long ill-doing,

To have lost all credit and esteem, and have  
    flung the world away;  
It was not easy with their powers, save for  
    the corruption of their morals;  
Men were content to follow them, but not  
    through shame and mud;  
Smothered in his own ink, stabbed by his  
    own steel pen  
Snared in his special gin, tangled in his  
    proper meshes,  
And fallen into the pit that he had digged  
    for other,—  
Zoilus is socially quenched, and the libeller  
    is libelled by his mates;  
The malice of his strictures is as viper's-fat  
    for cure,  
His judgment hath no weight, his slanders  
    glorify their victim,

He dare not avow among his fellows he  
hath written such and such,  
Treacherously wounding in the dark, he  
liveth yet in terror of discovery,  
And where he stabbed he stabbed in vain,  
only to blunt his dagger.

A fool can ask questions, that shall puzzle  
the sage to answer,  
And feeble wits write forcibly, offhand, on  
wisdom's works.

Thersites, bitter hunchback,—with Zoilus  
well clubbed and Aristarchus,—  
Is sworn to quench all Nestors, and to laugh  
Elishas down;  
These have taught the people, these have  
earned good fame,—

Therefore ignorance and envy league in  
lies to harm them.

And, if a man hath written books, this (in  
attempt) is easy ;

Forthwith, he, and they, are jointly fixed for  
targets :

Mingling the writer with his work, infir-  
mities can load the scale,—

He may be old, weak dotard ! or he may be  
young, pert boy !

Even if halt or blind, your modern critic  
spareth not for these,—

Go up, go up, thou bald head ! the blind,  
to be leader of the blind !

Or thou canst sneer at his moralities, severely  
pure thyself,

Haply, he is not sworn a Rechabite ; pos-  
sibly hath debts and troubles ;

Or, it may be that, heretofore, he hath said  
or done some folly,

Or prodigal sons, or a vixen wife, may blow  
upon his credit ;

Grand old Sophocles may be slandered  
through his children, Xantippe be  
alleged a shame to Socrates,

And Job be charged with his afflictions, if  
he chance to have written a book.

Let all such count against your author,  
helping to damn his volume,

What merit should there be in this, if such  
dark stains in him ?

Yet fruits are for judgment by themselves,  
in spite of the condition of the trees ;

A crystal's angles are its own, wherever be  
the mountain cavern ;

And a book hath a separate being, purely  
irrespective of its author,

Albeit our interests are heightened, if it  
honestly reflect the man.

The just critic should gauge each work, by  
its innate special qualities,

Unprejudiced by accidents, that hang about  
the worker ;

But our unjust judges in literature hunt  
down men, not books,

Filled with bitter personality, sarcastic and  
foulspoken.

How shall ignorance contrive to show like  
learning's self,

When some unscrupulous reviewer sitteth  
down to judge his master ?

That book is doomed to be condemned ; the  
critic must not read it ;

Some awkward beauties in the thing might  
tamper with his verdict :

So, it shall be handed to a clerk, to note its  
worst and weakest,

And tear out pages, rich in faults, and every  
best omitted ;

Happy if some chance misprint destroy  
grammatical concord,

Happy if a word be found misquoted, or  
some fact ill dated.

Then for a diligent half hour to con some  
cognate treatise,

Some digest of his victim's theme, but on  
the opposite tack :

Dipping from book to book, well indexed  
and well noted,

He mastereth a few strange terms in the  
science off-hand to be discussed,  
Glanceth at the disputable spots, held to be  
his author's crotchets,  
And thus is ready for the onslaught, a  
cavalier of points.  
Then, with supercilious ease, great in stolen  
knowledge,  
Glibly shall he pen his essay on our author's  
theme ;  
Dropping down grandly from on high, as a  
vulture swoopeth upon carrion,  
He pounceth at the petty faults discovered  
by his clerk,  
Propoundeth that antagonistic view as the  
sole one a sane man can adopt,  
And bringeth that false date in proof, that  
all the rest is worthless !

It is wonderful how small and mean, beside  
this omniscient reviewer,

Is seen the wretched author, though a  
master in his craft :

It is marvellous with what contempt, what  
vast array of learning,

Sanchoniathon, Manetho, and Berosus, freely  
quoting all,

Our critic,—stripling from the schools, or  
starveling at the bar,—

Goadeth his helpless prey, that old be-  
leagured pundit,

A swordfish pricking at a whale, with never  
a voice to tell

How full he is of oil, for a million midnight  
lamps :

Lastly, to finish with a flourish, and prove  
superior lore,

To catch the people's wonder, and show the  
judge's wisdom,  
Let him touch by innocent accident, upon  
the curious fact  
That Sanscrit was our passion when a boy,  
as is now the arrow-headed character !  
Hints of such high scope exalt the critic's  
chair,  
And help to crush the caitiff whom his  
judge is to condemn.

There is rubbish printed by the ton, that  
ought to be well censured ;  
But this is always praised, for merchan-  
dize of books :  
Novels, mere insects of an hour, are pro-  
phesied undoubted immortality

And float their bubble life upon the well-  
paid puffs of fame ;

And it is betimes a wisdom, when praise is  
found effete,

To keep the shuttles up by battledores of  
censure ;

Even actions, as for libel, have renovated  
tales of scandal,

Ostensibly for morals, but to make the  
public buy.

Sometimes, praise is very prodigal ; this  
author is a noble ;

Or—so ignoble as to be her critic's para-  
mour ;

Or—a writer with a following, some par-  
tizan of Church or State ;

Or—his publisher is potent, canvassed by  
the press for favours :

So, the censor is to praise; let him read that  
    book with diligence,  
And note with seeming ecstacies its poor  
    and trivial best;  
Happy is it for his honesty, if he find  
    therein aught worthy of applause,  
But either way, through good and ill, this  
    hireling slave applaudeth.  
O the multitude of witlings, partially be-  
    lauded for their hour,  
Whom the world hath willingly let die, in  
    spite of critic-friends;  
O the galaxy of few great names, mocked  
    by the starving Aristarchi,  
Who long have known their scorn, to be  
    herald of the whole earth's reverence!  
Where is there a man that hath escaped, of  
    all our best and wisest,

The false malignant judgment of the Critics  
in his time?

Every one hath stood as a Sebastian, naked,  
to be shot with arrows,

Each, like that sweet saint, achieving im-  
mortality of love.

What shall we say of yonder band, philo-  
sophers, bards, and sages,

All condemned and scorned at first by dull  
presumptuous censors?

Wordsworth, simple and sublime, how long  
they laughed at thee!

Coleridge, the gentle and profound, which  
of them did honour to thine eloquence?

Byron, answering scorn with scorn, well  
didst thou turn and rend them,—

And even Shakespeare, Newton, Pope, were  
scouted and defamed!

I have known yet baser motives affect our  
heralds of fame,  
Soiling the ermine, on the bench, of our  
self-dubbed judges in literature.  
Mercury, winged trumpeter, carrieth not the  
purse in vain ;  
Æacus, Minos, Rhadamanthus, are bribeable  
alas ! as Bacon.  
A certain writer in The Tadmor forwarded  
a fulsome panegyric,  
Professing boundless admiration for the  
works of a certain author :  
His letter, frankly written, touched upon  
the penury at home,  
And asked some score of pounds, a loan—  
no more—of honour :

That letter had its postscript; the seed  
would be surely seen well sown;

A hundredfold of literary fame should fill  
the sower's bosom:

Was not this a critic in *The Tadmor*?  
Could he not control *The Scribe*?

Had he not a voice in *The Musæum*? Were  
they not all one brotherhood?

Well should the generous author, glorified  
throughout the press,

Be recompensed, as richly he deserved, by  
the grateful writer in *The Tadmor*!

The letter, flung aside with indignation, re-  
ceived not its answer as expected;

And straightway half the Arabs of the press  
defamed that unwise author:

Scribe and *Tadmor* and *Musæum* are to this  
day found his foes;

How priceless then must be the praise, of  
Scribe and Tadmor and Musæum !

Yet there is an honest phalanx, gallant,  
honourable, capable,  
Strong good hounds, and hunting fair, and  
of a generous stock.

These will not vilely dog the heels of merit  
lest it scape them ;

These will not cut across the scent, as  
lurchers running foul ;

Straight and staunch they follow, and, if  
they kill their fox,

They worry not the vermin, and he well  
deserved his end.

And there is a nobler band, high in power  
and conscience,

Who help the struggling genius, while still  
friendless and unknown :

Whose frowns are only for the impious ;  
whose wrath is reserved for the impure ;

Whose ridicule may scathe conceit, but  
spareth even ignorance if modest ;

Whose rich libations of praise are poured on  
worth and wisdom ;

Whose verdict is an echo from High  
Heaven, of the Well done, faithful  
servant !

*Of Creeds.*

---

A PURE life, a liberal mind, an honest and  
good heart,—

This is the threefold cord bent upon the  
anchor of religion ;

If either of those strands be rotten, that bark  
is found in peril,

Nigh to be drifted on the reef, when as its  
hawser parteth :

Void of purity in morals, faith is but a hy-  
pocrite of words,

Charity cannot dwell with a mean and  
narrow spirit,

And there is but little hope, failing integrity  
of purpose ;

Faith, hope, charity, the triple-twisted cable  
of religion.

In a mere creed there is no salvation, no  
happiness in articles or dogmas,

No real safety for the soul in the best cold  
code of forms ;

Though thy theology be logical, and thy  
scheme most orthodox,

Though thy sect be of the straitest, thy  
chain from the fathers of the strongest,

These are none of them the comforters to  
bring a man peace at the last,

These are not the elements of heaven in the  
soul :

Holiness that hath no evil memories, kind-  
liness loveable to all,

And cheerful trust toward God, will outweigh all the creeds.

Truth is as a sphere of crystal, so many-many-sided every way,  
With all its microscopic angles polished down and blent,  
That none can feel the corners, none perceive the bevils,  
A globe of million facets, like an insect's eye:  
And the longer a man liveth on the earth, growing wiser from experiences,  
The nearer he attaineth to this smoothness, this absence of the sharp and rough.  
He is tolerant, large, and genial, allowing differences readily,

And fitting every angled hole with simply-  
circled ease :

He knoweth that there always is an answer  
to be equitably heard and weighed,

Ever a view from the opposite point, another  
surface to the shield,

Prejudices, bents, and educationals, all to be  
righteously considered,

And strange epidemics for human minds, no  
less than for their bodies :

The Empire of the Moslem Wahabees abhor  
as foul abominations,

Not leprosy nor murder, but silken kerchiefs  
and tobacco ;

Swines' flesh, the Gentile farmer's glory,  
will be sin and shame to a Jew ;

Bulls' flesh defileth unto death the intellec-  
tual Brahmin ;

To be shaven is misfortune and disgrace to  
half the stately East ;  
The manly beard, till yesterday, was ridicule  
to polished Europe ;  
Eastwardly, a score of wives are credit,  
comfort, honour ;  
Westwardly, suspicion of a second is misery,  
guilt, and ruin ;  
One man sweareth by water, to cure him,  
nay to save him ;  
Pulse and lentils with another are religion in  
his food ;  
Ritual is all in all for this man, Spiritual all  
in all for that ;  
Conscience is to one his law, authority to  
another ;  
Here, faith is pinned upon a book, there all  
truth is in the teacher,

A third relieth on the office, a fourth hath  
assurance in himself;

One man seeth in his priest, as if the God  
incarnate;

Another claimeth for himself peculiar in-  
dwelling of the Spirit;

With this mind all argument is closed, by  
the dictum of an ancient saint;

With that mind light is to be found, only  
in a new apostle:

The Nazarite and Rechabite abjure that  
which maketh glad the heart of man;

Garments of every shape are each held the  
livery for heaven;

Ecstacies and phantasies of madmen are  
hailed by their elect as inspirations;

And idiots among the Alps are counted for  
God's children by the Switzer.

And in such varying creeds there is ever  
some uniform good,

A portion we can well excuse, or partially  
commend :

Wise and true men will be found in each  
and every class,

All taking as it were their tints, from spe-  
cialties in mind and body :

Therefore it is vain with those diversities, to  
hope for similarity of creed,

Though Chrysostom persuade, or Torque-  
mada force it ;

And tolerant wisdom is content, to suffer all  
phases of opinion,

For shrewd experience of men seeth infinite  
variety in character.

Yea ; trumpet out what creed thou wilt, and  
that with Athanasian precision,

Be thy logic of the Trinity the strictest, thy  
learning in the fathers of the deepest,

Yet, if thy life be wicked, even Athanasius  
being judge,

Thou that doest evil, thy wages are the fires  
everlasting.

And, if in all good conscience, though warped  
by men and things,

Thou holdest some extraordinary creed,  
fanatical and foolish,

Yet, while thy life is righteous, the times of  
this ignorance are winked at,

Thou that workest good, thy heart and thy  
rest are with the blessed.

Belief is a deep strong root, and a true creed  
    beareth fruits of life,  
And a false creed, followed out in practice,  
    yieldeth only poisonberries ;  
But the true creed solely in the head, and  
    the false creed noways in the heart,  
Maketh good neutral in the first, maketh  
    evil neutral in the second.  
Forms and liturgies and articles may screen  
    Truth or display her,  
They be helps and they be governments,  
    measures sieves and gauges,  
Finger-posts to show the way, and props to  
    aid the weak ;  
For the outer Church is but a scaffolding to  
    build up living stones ;  
The Heavenly Jerusalem is veiled, by no  
    such human structure.

They that win many to happiness, be they  
priests or lay,

Such true preachers are to shine, as the stars  
for ever and ever :

The good priest here may have his speci-  
alties, but here too they shall cease ;

Hereafter, equally with him, his flock are  
priests and kings :

Woe to him if he win not souls ; glory to  
him if he win them ;

But less to the priest than to the man, for  
his vocation is not carried thitherward.

Offices forms and creeds are nought, except  
as means to ends,

They all are things of earth, to perish in the  
using :

And be thy superstition what it may, if it  
tendeth to good works,

The love of God and man, with earnest  
prayer and penitence,  
This is enough for happiness : as one of our  
own poets hath said,—  
Let bigots fight for creeds, the good man  
hath the right one.

*Of the future of Animals.*

---

THERE is needed a gospel for the brute, a  
preacher for the pariahs of creation,  
A voice to vindicate the justice, the wisdom  
and the mercy of their Maker ;  
His justice, ordering righteously ; His wis-  
dom, working not in vain ;  
His mercy, loving all His works, from the  
highest even to the humblest.  
There is lacking, through the selfishness of  
man, who voteth himself the centre,  
A word for the wide circumference, and the  
rays, and the tangents of his circle :

He hath set himself up for judge, deter-  
 mining in his narrowness  
 That God made laws for him alone, and  
 took no thought for oxen ;  
 That He who pitied Nineveh, noways  
 heedeth its much cattle,  
 And hath not heart, nor mind, nor will, to  
 care alike for all things.  
 He forgetteth that there is a Spirit, equally  
 in man and brute,  
 One tending upward if it may be, the other  
 grovelling downward,  
 Like in kind, but differing in degree, as  
 humbler souls and higher ;  
 The brute limited both ways, for evil as for  
 good :  
 For while man's loftier spirit can sink to  
 uttermost depths,

The brute, if less capable of rising, also is  
less liable to fall ;

Evil example in its master may vitiate his  
imitative dog,

Though this may be nurtured to be nobler  
than are many of the tribes of man ;

But in no case can it be so base, as the  
town-bred scoundrel of society,

Nor change to so vile a savage as the Anda-  
man or the Makariro :

With all, education will do much, and the  
company of worse or better,

High instinct over-treading the heels of  
lowest reason ;

Yet the dumb beast may not reach our  
human degradations,

Drunkenness, dishonesty, and cruelty, are  
not the brute's achievements :

Grant that it cannot worship God, it will  
idolize His image Man,

Even to dying of grief, even to self-sacrifice  
to save him ;

Grant that it rise not to the Spiritual,—how  
few men rise to this !—

The dumb beast hath affections, loving and  
remembering, and thinking ;

It hath a sort of reason, and is not a mere  
machine ;

It showeth a kind of moral sense, more than  
the Bushman or Fuegian :

Unreckoning, it is generous and unselfish ;  
with a conscience both of evil and of  
good,

Sensitive to praise and blame, and full of  
shrewdness and attachment :

Nature standeth as its all in all for law,  
neither doth it sin against her ;

And the God of nature will in no wise  
destroy it for obedience.

We may but touch analogies ; we dare not  
clench this doctrine with a dogma ;  
Our wisdom is to watch the hints, dropt in-  
cidentally by Scripture ;  
Proof is noways possible, and difficult ob-  
jections will abound,  
Prejudice crushing reason, and novelty  
showing as a falsehood ;  
And some may fancy that we claim an  
equal inheritance for all,  
Forgetting grades of being, and infinite  
diversities of state ;  
And other some will feel that for The  
Christ, to have ransomed man alone,

Is a selfish consolation to themselves, a closer  
and particular Redemption ;  
While the more magnificent Salvation of all  
man's fallen world  
In their view looketh little worthy, of a  
love more select than universal :  
The idea of soul-saved brutes will shock  
conceited men ;  
Catholic favour is an insult to elected and  
predestinated favourites.  
Therefore frequent are the gainsayers, and  
few the generous advocates,  
And much contention shall arise, for there  
be many adversaries :  
Nevertheless we will be bold to claim for  
the meanest of creation  
All its Creator's love, infinite eternal uni-  
versal :

God hath loved the world; the Gospel is  
for every creature ;

The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and  
the wilderness shall blossom as the rose ;

The lion, with its ravenous nature changed,  
yet shall eat straw like the ox,

The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and  
the leopard lie down with the kid ;

All sin and death and pain extinct, happi-  
ness and progress in communion

Shall lead each creature to its best, migrating  
toward perfection :

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all His  
holy mountain,

The denizens of Earth in her millennium  
shall find that happy future ;

Not only men and women, but all the  
creation of God

Shall glorify His goodness, in their new-  
recovered Eden.

Man is not alone for love, for memory,  
shrewdness, honour,

Many of his lower servants shame their  
master here.

The soft domestic cat, affectionately pur-  
ring,

That findeth home again from far, through  
some mysterious sense ;

The kind-eyed noble-hearted dog, defend-  
ing thee so bravely,

Forgiving oft and loving much, and ever  
full of gratitude ;

The generous highbred horse, with his fine  
sensitive feelings,

Vicious against the foul-mouthed groom,  
but gentle toward his mistress,  
The wise and wary elephant, the parrot,  
and the camel, and the reindeer,  
And all our other humbler friends, our mute  
slaves and companions,—  
These have climbed, through education, to  
higher grades of mind  
Than whole savage families of men have  
won through countless ages ;  
These have not outraged the moralities, these  
have not stupified intelligence,  
Like half our rustics, half our workmen, at  
some race or fair ;  
These show kinder evidence of soul, in con-  
science affection and devotion,  
Than all the gypsies of our downs, the out-  
casts in our streets :

Look from the high-mettled racer, to the  
    shrivelled mean blasphemer on his  
    back,—

Which of these should win an immortality?  
    which of them hath earned annihilation?

True; the brute's limit now is earthward;  
    but all have limits here,

All are cramped and prisoned in these  
    charnel walls of sense;

Yet, wherefore should not brutes expand, as  
    well as man hereafter?

Why not grow to some advancement, some  
    perfection in their kind?

The life which God hath given, should His  
    grace repent it,—

Unmaking creatures He hath made, as if  
    His thought had failed?

All are wonderful and exquisite, miracles of  
varied excellence,

From nature's rational lord, to his least and  
lowest serf:

Why should a so-called instinct, the heaven-  
tutored mind of brutes,

Be clean wiped out for ever, as in blank an-  
nihilation,—

Nor rather still teach angels, wondering to  
see the spider spin,

Praising in brighter skies the jewelled bosom  
of the humming-bird,

Exhilarated even in their hymns by the  
skylark's whirl of song,

Delighted with creature comeliness, and  
yearning over animal affection?

It were a dull flat world, a creation of less  
interest than ours,

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If indeed man's future home possess no  
lower inmates ;

If there be no gradations, no humbler tribe  
than we,—

All of one royal race, earth-kings,—but  
with no subjects,—

Lacking this elaborated order, upholding and  
depending,

To prove the Maker's attributes and mag-  
nify His wisdom ;

With no multitudinous links in nature's  
coat of chain

To show how strong she standeth, a pano-  
plied Minerva ;

Only one tame dead level, incomplicate and  
shorn of mysteries,

A world of one idea, and void of varied  
genius.

This is but a life of introductions, beginnings  
    seeds and eggs,  
All to fructify hereafter, germinating humbly  
    here ;  
A drop-scene of foreshadowings, on passing  
    clouds that vanish,  
Photographs of circumstance and character,  
    the substance whereof is yet to come.  
Therefore it is wise and well to see new  
    friends and places,  
To gain, even at the end of life, elements of  
    new knowledge,  
Hereafter to be carried freely forward, that  
    when we fail for time  
Such seeming-mammon friends may receive  
    us in eternal habitations :  
Here we touch the clues that lead us on to  
    ever-blooming gardens,

Here, mysterious truth, we plant our seeds  
of being.

Everything that hath been and that is, and  
all things that yet may have to be,  
Here but in type and show, shall be repro-  
duced in antitype hereafter :

“ Resurgam ” is the solemn word inscribed  
on every fact,

The feeblest thing that ever was shall have  
its resurrection.

We gain part-alphabets of knowledge, in  
nature art and science,

Like children at their infant school, conning  
primer lessons ;

But all, that here is so incipient, shall grow  
to its perfection ;

No creature shall be wasted, or despised, or  
cast away.

Why should it only be for men, that mighty  
restoration ?

Annihilation of His works were not The  
Maker's glory.

Man, his own historian, celebrateth only  
man,

Claiming redemption for himself, all else in  
condemnation ;

The sinner alone, forsooth, the King is to  
be saved,

But the whole of his innocent serf-kingdom  
to be quenched and annulled for ever !

—Not so ! all God's pensioners, animal,  
vegetal, mineral,

238      *Of the future of Animals.*

Every note that hath resounded on the  
    timbrels of His Providence,  
Every thought and deed, every passion and  
    fancy,  
Every idle word, and every sinful act,  
Every sparrow in its fall, as every Christian  
    in his death,  
All shall live again, and have immortal  
    sequence,—  
The trail of each creature in its progress;  
    for all things have their seeming  
    souls,  
Recorded at least on spirits' memories, if not  
    themselves pure spirit.  
He that believeth Resurrection must carry  
    it out unto the end;  
Nothing perisheth utterly, soul or mind or  
    matter :

Nothing continueth in one stay, moving  
ever onward;

Progress is the common law, toward infinite  
good or evil.

The fashion of this world fadeth, but its  
recollections live for ever;

None may obliterate the thought, that once  
hath stood a thing:

And it is a weakness in the argument to  
claim immortality for man,

Refusing to all humbler life a future grade  
of being.

Creation is one whole, glorifying God  
throughout,

From suns to microscopic monads, all are  
linked together;

All, the archangel,—and the worm,—shall  
progress to perfection in their kind,

All shall praise the Maker in their season at  
their best.

Behold yon dying saint, with heaven shin-  
ing on his face,  
A merchant-prince in every sense, and rich  
for either world;  
As he lieth dying, he calleth for his dear  
old dog,  
Faithful companion of his walks, when he  
went about doing good;  
And as, in love and grief, the poor dumb  
creature whining,  
Licketh his wasted cheek, and the thin  
hand hanging by the bedside,  
Hearken to this dreary lamentation :—Alas!  
my noble friend,

There is no future life for thee,—farewell  
for ever and ever!—

Did not the Christian in that word confirm  
the falsehood of the infidel,  
The dark dread hope of wickedness, his lie,  
annihilation?

And shall we not judge that the poor Indian  
who looked for his faithful dog  
Still to be found with him in bliss, on the  
happy shores of the departed,  
Truly was wiser than the poet, whose rhyme  
hath immortalized that ignorance,  
And, all untutored as he was, taught the  
philosopher a lesson?

Our spirits live and die not; our bodies live  
awhile and die,

Rising for reunion with those spirits, to live  
anew whole creatures :

Shall there be for such fair tabernacles, where-  
with we shall soon be clothed-upon,  
No hangings and no furnitures, no thrones  
nor harps nor crowns,

No palms, and no white raiment, no jewels,  
incense, flowers,

No birds nor butterflies nor crystals, no  
wonders and no beauties,

No better remembrancers of earth, our pil-  
grimage of trial,

No chariots and no horses, no friends of our  
old hearths ?

Verily, beautified and glorified, all such  
shall live again ;

The whole creation groaneth, travailing for  
that life :

Yet shall there be a Restitution, a resurrection  
real for all things,  
Creatures, circumstances, pageants, deeds and  
words and thoughts ;  
All have been figured on the light, all are  
waved upon the air,  
All have been fixed in unalterable fact,  
all were the beginnings of unendings.  
Nothing can escape its future ; for every-  
thing is a seed,  
Germinating for the vast hereafter, and to  
flower in its season.  
It is false and weak and foolish to confine  
the resurrection unto man,  
A plot of human vanity, but not the plan  
of God :  
Man is but one among the meshes, of the  
knitted raiment of needlework,

Wherewith the King of kings is pleased to  
    clothe Himself,  
The one whole vesture of creation, woven  
    from the top throughout,  
Wherein His attributes are seen, braided in  
    many patterns;  
And if one loop thereof be dropt, a rent is  
    made in glory,  
The beautiful mosaic of His cosmos hath its  
    pavement incomplete.  
None of His works were lightly made, nor  
    meant to be repented;  
He is the Builder and the Maker, never de-  
    signing a destruction.  
That which is shall ever be, ripening to per-  
    fection in its kind,  
Or haply, through mysteries of evil, rotting  
    to corruption everlasting :

For, all that God hath made shall live in  
His own life,  
Shall live according to its works, for glory  
or for shame,  
Henceforth, if grace prevail, rejoicing in His  
mercy,  
Henceforth, if evil overcome, contending  
with His justice !

Thou objectest, Life for any time is gain ;  
and to brutes annihilation were no loss,  
If it pleaseth the Great Architect of all to  
be wasteful of His skill :  
Be that life ephemeral as a May-fly's, or a  
hundred years as of a raven,  
Thou sayest, it is the creature's gain, and so  
its Maker's grace.

True, if that life be full of pleasure ; but  
                   what if it be little else than pain ?

Hath the creature then no controversy, with  
                   its Maker, being innocent ?

And would the Great Just Judge wait for  
                   some eloquent advocate,

And not be Himself that counsel, arguing  
                   for justice to his prisoner ?

If brutes have no hereafter, what an unequal  
                   lot

Between the pampered lapdog, and the  
                   starving hound,—

The flayed Abyssinian bull, moaning beside  
                   his banquetters,

And happy kine afield, lazily cropping in  
                   the sunshine :

With us, futurity will compensate, and  
                   Lazarus receive his mercies,

But wherein is there justice to the dogs who  
licked his sores?

Wherein, for the hideous live dissections,  
victims of a Spallanzani's scalpel?

Wherein, for the maimed and tortured, all  
cruelly entreated innocents,—

If He, who pleased to make them, made  
them only for their woes,

And, sinless as they stand, destined for them  
nought but suffering?

If brutes have no hereafter, where are the  
accusers of the cruel,—

The gambler's screaming cock, live-roasted  
from the main;

The worn-out war-horse at his last, tor-  
mented day after day

By cold-blooded surgical fiends, agonising  
all its life-strings ;

The starved, the skinned, the battered,—  
the bulldog maimed before he fought,

Wretched victims of the vice, the hateful-  
ness and sins of man ?

Shall none of these arise to judgment ? will  
none bear witness on the guilty ?

Must cruelties to all beneath them be utterly  
excused to men ?

If sheer annihilation be their fate,—what  
mattereth ?—for there be no accusers ;

And so, the worst monsters of mankind  
unjustly miss their punishment :

But, great Justice liveth ; eternal Justice  
liveth !

Guilt shall not go scatheless, Innocence  
shall not be unavenged.

The whole creation groaneth, travailing in  
pain together,

Waiting till the sons of God, through  
Christ, are raised to glory :

And the creature was made subject unto  
death, not by its own default,

But as following the fortunes of its lord,  
and subjected alike in hope :

For the creature itself shall be delivered ;  
to the humblest, from the bondage or  
corruption;

Into that liberty and glory, the children of  
God made free.

O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the  
Lord,—praise Him and magnify Him  
for ever !

Men and things and elements, and beasts  
and feathered fowls !

Let none be missing from the feast for  
Earth and all her children ;

But let whatever hath had being, praise  
Him and magnify Him for ever !

He is not the God of the dead, nor hath  
made any covenant with destruction,

Nor worketh capriciously for time, but with  
solid resolution for eternity :

Life is His glory, and not death ; happiness  
and not annihilation ;

Complacent satisfaction in His creature, and  
no caprice or change.

It shineth out a good great truth, that the  
regeneration of the world

Through Christ's grand sacrifice for all, not  
only men but things,

Shall demonstrate the Maker's mercy, eter-  
nal, without stint,  
To every creature of His skill, preserved in  
man's redemption.  
Earth's thousand years of days of years, its  
manifold millennium,  
Its Sabbath-life of holy-day, its holiday  
from sin,  
Shall gladden all creation in our expanded  
globe  
Grown to be a spiritual orb, lighter,  
brighter, vaster;  
Thus shall it be filled for evermore with its  
own regenerate creatures,  
The home for all its pensioners that here  
received their life;  
And so, dear Mother Earth, full of our  
childhood's memories,

Will then stand one of many stars whereto  
we men may speed

Freely at our innate power and will, coming  
and going everywhere,

As the angels of Jacob's ladder, linking  
world with world,

No longer chained to one by grovelling  
gravitation,

But in a spiritual liberty made freemen of  
them all :

Yet, oftenest revisiting dear Earth, and lin-  
gering there among her creatures,

In her grand apotheosis for all Nature, not  
only men and women,

But humblest things as highest, insects  
beasts and fishes,

The briar and the rose, the lion and the ox,  
and trees and flowers of the field,

All, with evil flung aside, and death and sin  
forgotten,

Praising the Lord who made them and mag-  
nifying Him for ever !

*Of Happiness together or alone.*

---

IN Paradise before the fall God instituted  
marriage,  
And Jesus first wrought miracle to bless a  
wedding feast.  
With God Himself in Eden for His young  
unguilty creatures  
Verily, like all things else, was wedlock very  
good ;  
And, if once more the Present God work  
signs and wonders for it,  
Again it must be very good, as nothing else  
on earth.

But, woe for fallen mortals ! their best estate  
is banned,

Though flatteries and falsehoods are in  
league to hail it blessed ;

And youth is ever full of hope, but age hath  
left off hoping ;

While truths are told by neither, as enjoined  
from social fraud :

Romance falsifieth one view, conventional  
morality the other,

And gallantries and compliments combine  
to hide stern facts.

But,—so many miserable mistakes, and all  
without a cure !

The wrong sort idly won, the right sort left  
unwooed ;

256 *Of Happiness together or alone.*

That fatal vow once taken, thenceforward  
    hope is over ;  
Mated opposites contend, unmated concords  
    pine.  
So often total wreck, with no space given for  
    repentance,  
Mezentian marriage chaining fast the living  
    to the dead,  
Hot-hearted youth with frozen age, or purity  
    with baseness,  
And so to dwell together, as a pair, through  
    love or hate :  
Alas ! for it is but a single chance, once  
    thrown for first and last,  
The gambler's desperate only cast, though  
    flung away so lightly ;  
A cruelty on raw rash youth, hedged round  
    with gay deceptions,

The cards are packed, the dice are weighted,  
— what chance of any escape?

So without cure and without end that lot is  
cast for life

Which many know for misery, and none  
acknowledge perfect.

Mutual hate should stand enough for absolute release,

Or noted wrongs on either side, with equitable adjustments:

A bond with no redemption clauses is not  
just to man,

In spite of all that Church can preach, or  
State enact to force it.

Crime, insanity, sterility, these should break  
the bands;

And distortions of the spirit, as of body,  
sin against first principles in marriage.

O differences wide and deep, O contrasts  
infinitely varied

Between those twain extremes, the happy  
and the miserable marriage !

Charity faith and hope, purity economy  
religion,

These be the six Isaiah-wings to fledge that  
angel-home

Where Love is found an inmate still with  
Hymen growing old,

And two consenting creatures are as one for  
soul and body :

But for their frequent harder fate whose  
wedlock is a chain

Only to gall and shame and fret, and not  
that band of roses,

Enmity extravagance contempt, wrath strife  
envy opposition,  
These be the seven devils possessing that hot  
hearth.

Ye many wicked wives, whose tempers blast  
your homes  
From nurseries for good to breeding-schools  
for evil,  
Woe for the misery and crime an aggra-  
vating tongue can cause,  
Woe for the comfort and content destroyed  
by your bitter provocations.  
Alas! how hard for the artizan, returned at  
even from his labour  
Weary of body and ill at ease in mind, and  
only craving rest,

260 *Of Happiness together or alone.*

To be driven from his threshold by conten-  
tions, worried at each humble meal,  
And cheated of his needful sleep by wed-  
lock's clamouring tongue,  
Haply edged with jealousies, or petty spites  
and irritations,  
Now kith and kin maligned, and now some  
best friend slandered :  
And so his home is blighted ; he must court  
peace elsewhere,  
Closeshielded against clamour in a rancorous  
reserve :  
And children watch and wonder, taking  
warning from their parents,  
No refuge for the best but prayer, nor for  
the worst but flight ;  
The sons rebellious and selfwilled, as that  
usurping wife,

*Of Happiness together or alone.* 261

The daughters, like her husband, sadly  
beaten down to silence.

O bitter lie of law, O falsest dogma of  
society,

That woman is controlled by man, and sub-  
ject to his will :

Custom maketh Vashti stronger than her  
lord ;

His hands are bound, his mouth is stopped ;  
how can he force obedience ?

And you, O many vicious husbands, hypo-  
crites in much sin,

With whom the haply kinder wives are  
patient in your homesteads,

Ye drunken and low revellers,—or you of  
higher grade

262 *Of Happiness together or alone.*

Still profligate, though elders, and still  
shameless as in youth,

Alas, how hard for women to be mated  
with such men,

What martyrdom for gentle wives once  
married to such husbands!

Would that there could be just exchanges,  
the good to be consorted with the good,  
The wicked shackled to the wicked, as both  
shall be hereafter ;

Would that some general gaol-delivery were  
given to the galley-slaves of marriage,  
Some amnesty for innocents who writhe  
beneath its yoke,

Some second chance to cure the one great  
error made in life,

Some nobler choice whereby the future  
should redeem the past !

—Yet are there brighter phases ; that eclipse  
is not for all ;  
Some happy pairs go hand in hand along  
the vale of life,  
And see their children's children, and are  
blessed in old age,  
And only find in wedded love the avenue  
to heaven.  
And for the common sort, content, dull  
feeling, custom,  
Give average men their average peace, and  
such are counted happy ;  
But, sorrowful truth to say, the griefs no  
laws can cure  
Grow rankly in that search in vain for  
happiness together.

Then, what of single life,—so often guilty  
freedom,—

Doth it secure an average share of blessed-  
ness to man?

Our half sphere of the West, fast bound to  
stringent marriage,

Is peopling fast with more unmated than  
are mated pairs :

Are these happier in their lot?—Many  
doubtless must be,

Full of charities and faith, sensible and  
contented :

So they live beloved, so they die be-  
wailed,

And their works do follow those good sis-  
ters and good brothers :

But for the multitude whose hope is selfish  
worldly happiness,  
Such fare not better singly, than those who  
missed it doubly.

How many unwritten tragedies are round  
us everywhere,—

What broken hearts, and starving souls, and  
unrecorded sorrows !

Little thou wottest of the trials that have  
made these what they are,

With disappointment and delay for daily  
meat and drink.

Behold some desolate old man, whose life  
is drained of love,

No one nigh to care for him, and none that  
he can care for ;

266 *Of Happiness together or alone.*

He, for all his hardness now, was full of  
soft affections,

Until bereavement tore away the best half  
of his heart ;

There was guiltiness in too much grief ; but  
of thy charity consider

How fond a lover once was yonder crabbed  
harsh old man.

And lo, this withered sister, with her youth  
and beauty gone,

Who gave away her heart,—but vainly,—  
long long years ago ;

What? wilt thou taunt her with a jibe, or  
mock her by hard names,

Where all thy sympathies should yearn on  
one of love's true martyrs ?

Canst thou not guess how full of grief those  
long years must have passed,

Which dried away from woman's heart the  
lover wife and mother?

Shall nature's wounds be healed, or her  
quick feelings seared

Without a thousand secret pangs and exquisite  
regrets?

Hath it been no heart-ordeal, to have  
watched the bloom of beauty

Faded from the unflattering glass, as middle  
age crept on,

And still no lover at her feet,—though she  
hath loved so fondly,—

No intimate to share and charm life's solitude  
away?

How loosely common friendships fill that  
hollow of the heart,—

How coldly can the warmest compare with  
love and marriage!

268 *Of Happiness together or alone.*

And in the coming day of sickness, the  
hour of inevitable death,  
To be lonely, husbandless and childless, un-  
loved, unmissed, uncared for,—  
Who will not pity, will not love, that  
solitary soul,  
With all its yearnings bruised, its milk of  
kindness soured?  
There be vanities, there be follies; and  
much waste and wear of good;  
Fancies overclouding life, and darkening  
half its sunshine:  
Often thus hath generous youth, aflame with  
early passion,  
Cruelly cheated of his idol, been withered to  
that desolate old age;  
Often the fair young maid, who set her first  
fond love

On yon insensate soul, unconscious or unworthy,  
Hath changed to be soured from her sweetness,  
by living all alone,  
And come to be the wreck of love thou hast  
not seldom seen.

And what then is the moral of it all? why  
these bitter words,  
Where most are found to say smooth  
things and prophesy deceits?  
—Because of those deceptions, those flatteries  
and false speeches,  
Because the truth is rarely told, and never  
laid to heart,  
Because for human life the Preacher's text  
is Vanity,

270 *Of Happiness together or alone.*

And no one would be envied if his whole  
estate were known.

Saving for that trinity of good, religion,  
health, and diligence,

Wherewith in wedded state or single, none  
can live unhappy,

All conditions of man's life, balanced on an  
equal scale,

Are—some few pleasures, many pains, and  
much of care and vanity.

*A National Hymn for Harvest.*

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I.

O BLESS the God of harvest, praise Him  
through the land,  
Thank Him for his precious gifts, His help,  
and liberal love ;  
Praise Him for the fields that have ren-  
dered up their riches,  
And, drest in sunny stubbles, take their  
Sabbath after toil ;  
Praise Him for the close-shorn plains, and  
uplands lying bare,  
And meadows, where the sweet-breathed hay  
was stacked in early summer ;

272 *A National Hymn for Harvest.*

Praise Him for the wheat-sheaves, gathered  
safely into barn,

And scattering now their golden drops be-  
neath the sounding flail ;

Praise Him for the barley-mow, a little hill  
of sweetness,

Praise Him for the clustering hop, to add  
its fragrant bitter ;

Praise Him for the wholesome root, that  
fattened in the furrow ;

Praise Him for the mellow fruits, that bend  
the groaning bough :

For blessings on thy basket, and for bless-  
ings on thy store,

For skill and labour prospered well by  
gracious suns and showers,

For mercies on the home, and for comforts  
on the hearth,

*A National Hymn for Harvest.* 273

O happy heart of this broad land, praise the  
God of harvest !

II.

All ye that have no tongue to praise, we  
will praise Him for you,  
And offer on our kindling souls the tribute  
of your thanks :

Trees and shrubs, and the multitude of herbs,  
gladdening the eyes with verdure,  
For all your leaves and flowers and fruits  
we praise the God of harvest !

Birds, and beetles in the dust, and insects  
flitting on the air,

And ye that swim the waters in your scaly  
coats of mail,

And steers, resting after labour, and timorous  
flocks afold,

274 *A National Hymn for Harvest.*

And generous horses, yoked in teams to  
draw the creaking wains,  
For all your lives, and every pleasure so-  
lacing that lot,  
Your sleep, and food, and animal peace, we  
praise the God of harvest !

III.

And ye, O some who never prayed, and  
therefore cannot praise ;  
Poor darkling sons of care and toil and un-  
illumined night,  
Who rose betimes, but did not ask a bless-  
ing on your work,  
Who lay down late, but rendered no thank-  
offering for that blessing  
Which all unsought He sent, and all un-  
known ye gathered,—

*A National Hymn for Harvest. 275*

Alas ! for you and in your stead, we praise  
the God of harvest !

IV.

O ye famine-stricken glens, whose children  
shrieked for bread,

And noisome alleys of the town, where  
fever fed on hunger,

O ye children of despair, bitterly bewailing  
Erin,

Come and join my cheerful praise, for God  
hath answered prayer :

Praise him for the better hopes, and signs of  
better times,

Unity gratitude contentment, industry peace  
and plenty ;

Bless Him that His chastening rod is now  
the sceptre of forgiveness,

276 *A National Hymn for Harvest.*

And in your joy remember well to praise  
the God of harvest!

v.

Come, gladly come along with me, and  
swell this grateful song,

Ye nobler hearts, old England's own, her  
children of the soil:

All ye that sowed the seed in faith, with  
those who reaped in joy,

And he that drove the plough afield, with  
all the scattered gleaners,

And maids who milk the lowing kine, and  
boys that tend the sheep,

And men that load the sluggish wain, or  
neatly thatch the rick,—

Shout and sing for happiness of heart, nor  
stint your thrilling cheers,

*A National Hymn for Harvest. 277*

But make the merry farmer's hall resound  
with glad rejoicings,  
And let him spread the hearty feast for joy  
at harvest home,  
And join this cheerful song of praise,—to  
bless the God of harvest!

*A National Dirge in Trouble.*

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I.

WE have sinned, we have sinned with our  
fathers—O Judge and Saviour! we  
have sinned;

We had forgotten our God, and His judge-  
ments lie heavily upon us:

We went aside and did great wickedness,  
we have transgressed His command-  
ments,

There is no health in our bones, we are  
punished according to our sins:

Yet would we return to Thee O Lord, ac-  
knowledging the guilt of our iniquities,

And flinging off the burden of it all, if  
haply Thou wilt bless us with repent-  
ance :

Hear us, O Merciful and Mighty, hear and  
forgive us in Thy pity,  
Help Thy people, O Lord, for the sake of  
our Redeemer Thine anointed.

II.

Alas ! for our transgressions have been multi-  
plied, and therefore Thine anger is  
upon us ;

Through grace we would confess them, in  
sure hope of Thy forgiveness:

Our cities are foul with sin, evil goeth  
shameless in our streets,

Our lanes have lost their innocence, our  
fields are full of violence ;

280 *A National Dirge in Trouble.*

The strong oppress the weak, and the weak  
defraud the strong,  
And all alike forget their Maker and Pre-  
server ;  
Blasphemy shouteth in the mine, cruelty  
smiteth on the highway,  
Meanness cheateth at the workshop, tyranny  
tormenteth in the factory :  
Our rich have rioted in luxury, feasting  
themselves without fear,  
Our poor in bitterness and hate rebel against  
their poverty ;  
Our prophets have taught lies, our lawgivers  
thrive upon corruption,  
Our rulers have not ruled in righteous-  
ness, nor the people been obedient in  
godliness,

Rights are humbled to the dust, while  
    wrongs are throned upon high places,  
Good hath perished from among us, and no  
    man layeth it to heart.

III.

Therefore the wrath of the Almighty is  
    hot against His people,  
Therefore He blesseth our enemies, and goeth  
    not forth with our armies :  
Therefore our flocks and herds have perished  
    in their pastures by ten thousands,  
Therefore pestilence and famine have heaped  
    our thresholds with the dead ;  
Our harvests were not gathered, the elements  
    fought against us ;  
Disease and want and misery are dwellers in  
    our homes ;

282 *A National Dirge in Trouble.*

Our light is turned to darkness, our name is  
shamed among the nations,  
The glory of Britannia is departed, the  
honour of old England is brought  
low.

IV.

Yet,—Holy Lord our God, arise! pity and  
forgive Thy people  
Put not away Thy mercies, for we will put  
aside our sins:  
The hireling shall no longer be oppressed,  
the right of the poor shall be avenged,  
Thy Sabbaths shall be sanctified, Thy tithes  
and offerings paid;  
Thy temples shall be full of worshippers,  
Thy ministers be honoured through  
the land,

Our prayers and our alms shall go up, acceptably through Jesus unto Thee ;  
We will take no wicked thing in hand, our hearts shall be set against all evil,  
Sin shall not revel in our streets, nor drunkenness pollute our villages;  
We will return and repent, the Lord our God preventing us,  
We will call Thee Our Father, and Thou shalt be gracious to Thy children :  
Yea, consider our adversity, withhold not mercy from us ;  
Art Thou not our Father ? Are we not Thy children ?

v.

Yea ; we will magnify Thy mercy, or ever we have risen from our knees,—

284 *A National Dirge in Trouble.*

Thou dost forgive and love us, Thou yet  
wilt help and save us,—  
The plague our iniquities deserved Thy  
pitifulness will scatter,  
The flaming sword of punishment shall yet  
be sheathed in mercy :  
Therefore unto Thee will we give thanks,  
even in this time of trouble ;  
With humiliation on our heads, yet will we  
rejoice in our hearts :  
Thou shalt go forth with our armies, Thy  
blessing shall shine on our homes,  
Thou wilt give increase to our flocks, and  
fill our barns with harvest,  
Thou shalt favour our England, the Zion  
of these latter days,  
And keep her chief among the nations, as  
she ever was of old ;

For happy are the people, even in the midst  
of sore distresses,

Who turn to the Lord their Maker, and  
trust in Him for mercy and deliver-  
ance!

*A National Psalm of Victory.*



I.

BLESSED be the God of our Israel, praised  
be the Lord of our Zion,  
Jehovah hath gone forth with our hosts,  
and hath given to us victory in the  
battle !

He is our helper and defender, the rock of  
our strength and our fortress,  
He hath delivered us in trouble, and saved  
us from the wrath of our enemies ;  
By Him have we overcome the proud, by  
Him have we escaped the terrible,

*A National Psalm of Victory.* 287

He sent forth His arrows and scattered them,  
He shot out His lightnings and destroyed them ;

He gave us the shield of His salvation, and  
armed us with the spear of victory,

He girded us with valour for the fight, and  
subdued the mighty under us ;

We will thank Him among the nations,  
His name will we exalt among the  
heathen,

Blessed be the God of our Israel, praised be  
the Lord of our Zion !

II.

Awake, awake, utter a song ; for God is  
our sword and buckler ;

There were thunders from the Lord out of  
heaven, hailstones and coals of fire ;

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Then did the standard-bearers faint, then  
were the horsehoofs broken,  
There brake He the arrow and bow, and  
burned their chariots in the fire :  
He breathed on them and they were con-  
sumed, He poured on them the blast of  
His displeasure,  
He brought down their honour to the dust,  
and made them flee before us :  
Who is God, except the Lord ? Who hath  
any strength but our God ?  
Great deliverance hath He given, and  
shown great mercy to His people ;  
He alone is to be praised, and unto Him  
will we pour thank-offerings,—  
Blessed be the Rock of our strength, let the  
God of our salvation be exalted !

III.

Praise ye the Lord for avenging our Israel,  
all ye sons of war,  
Praise Him, all ye sons of peace, who  
offered yourselves so willingly ;  
Praise Him, nobles of the land, with peace  
restored to your possessions ;  
Praise him, all ye people, with plenty  
returning to your homes :  
And thou, chief Mother in Israel, give  
thanks among thy children,  
That wars have ceased in all the earth, and  
those who delight in them are scattered ;  
Give thanks that the right is set on high, give  
thanks that the wrong is trodden down,  
That the teeth of the ungodly have been  
broken, and the faces of the righteous  
been made glad ;

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That England, the Israel of God, is head  
and chief among the Gentiles,  
Rejoice, O Queen and people, and magnify  
the Rock of our salvation.

IV.

And ye, O many sorrowing widows, O  
thousands of bereaved mothers,  
O fathers mourning for your sons, O friends  
bemoaning friends,

In the midst of your earthly desolation, re-  
member ye how honourably they died,  
As duty bade and noble thoughts and  
country's love and heaven :

Give thanks, for your dear ones are vic-  
torious, victorious for either world,  
With names of glory here, and crowns of  
immortality hereafter ;

Give thanks in hope and faith, in charity,  
strength and patience,  
And add your wailing minor to our swelling  
psalm of praise ;  
May all help freely for your needs, pour  
balm upon your sorrows,  
And make you rich in sympathies, and alms  
and pensioned praise.

v.

And, O thou Zoar of the plains, O thou  
Goshen in this Egypt,  
Island city of refuge for the nations of the  
Earth,  
England, happy shore, hill where the true  
light shineth,  
Home of real religion, freedom, tolerance,  
and truth,

292 *A National Psalm of Victory.*

Rejoice and shout the hymn of praise  
through all the countries round,  
From sea to sea, from land to land, where'er  
thy flag is flying,  
Let cannon roar thy thankfulness, and bells  
clang out thy joy,  
And prayer and praise and alms go up, as  
incense to High Heaven ;  
For God hath blest us every way, at home,  
by sea, by land,  
And we will thank Him evermore, in  
prayers and alms and praises.

*The Seven Sayings.*

---

SEVEN tones in music, seven shades in light,  
Seven deadly sins, and seven cardinal  
virtues,

Seven angels, seven trumpets, seven seals  
and vials,

Seven thunders, seven plagues, seven spirits  
of God,

Seven stars and seven churches, seven days  
and nights,

And seven thousand years for earth, and  
man with seven ages,

And seven sages of old Greece, with seven  
famous proverbs,

And seven words of mercy dropped by  
Christ upon His cross.

Keen is the worldly wisdom in those  
maxims of the sages,

And deep the spiritual love in Jesu's seven  
sayings;

Awhile then, friend, aside with me, to step  
within the Porch,

And after, linger near that Cross for comfort  
and for counsel.

First, with Athenian Solon, "Know thy-  
self," O man !

A humbling lesson and a strange, an thou  
learn it truly ;

Pass by the secrets of creation, till thou hast  
mastered this,

And heed thy good and evil, thy powers  
and thy duties :

Next, with the Spartan Chilo,—whose full  
heart burst for joy

When his good son had triumphed in the  
great Olympian games,—

“Look to the end of life,” an end, worth  
all its midway running,

So thou be crowned like that good son, a  
conqueror in the race :

Watch well with Lesbian Pittacus, who  
flung his net so shrewdly,

To “Seize occasion” ere it pass, and so thy  
chance be gone ;

Occasion for thy tongue to speak, as for thy  
hand to strike,

Occasion to thy neighbours’ help, and in  
thine own behalf ;

Let frank and honest Bias tell out bluntly  
sad experience,

“The most of men are evil,”—none are  
righteous—no, not one ;

Ambracian Periandersayeth, “Industry is all,”  
That diligence must win each prize, and  
conquer every foe ;

The graceful Cleobulus prayed well for  
moderation,

Nothing too much, “The mean is best,” the  
happy golden mean ;

And cautious Thales filled the sum, with  
“Haste if thou wouldst fail ;”

For well he knew that evil haste could never  
make good speed :

So, this was the best flowering of the  
wisdom of the wise,

They served their generation well, those  
seven Grecian sages.

Now, let us stand on Calvary beside that  
sorrowing Mother,  
And listen to these nobler seven utterances  
of Jesus.

It was the sixth hour, yet blackness hung  
over all the land,

Nature put on mourning for her King, and  
the eye of day was darkened ;

And there upon that bitter Cross the  
Sacrifice is nailed,

Heavily hanging in weakness, racked and  
torn and bleeding ;

For three long hours hath He hung, agonized  
in soul and body,

That blessed Christ, embracing all the world  
with out-stretched arms,

Lifted between earth and heaven, as if out-  
cast from them both,

But drawing all men unto him, in love and  
adoration.

There, without one moan, one murmur,  
grandly patient,

The Lamb endured the uttermost wrath  
of God against all sin,

And ever as the weary hours dragged on in  
ceaseless torture,

At seven throes of pain He dropped His  
seven precious sayings.

First, when they reared Him on the nails,  
and racked Him in the raising,

How did He greet their cruelty, how re-  
quite His murderers?

His thought was infinite compassion, to put  
away the greatness of their sin,

“Father, forgive them, Our Father ! for  
they know not what they do.”

Lo, what a triumph over self, what a con-  
quering of agony and vengeance,

How worthy of the suffering Man in whom  
the Godhead dwelt !

Ay, and that prayer was answered,—The  
Father did forgive ;

Those who nailed Him to the cross were  
martyred for the Christ ;

So for all time He teacheth us, to forgive as  
we hope to be forgiven,

Evermore He preacheth intercession, even  
for the cruellest of foes.

Beside Him hung on either hand that pair  
of common thieves,

For ever famous as His comrades in that  
darkest hour.

And as the one contendeth—Save thyself  
and us,

And as the other upbraideth,—Dost not  
thou fear God?

Hearken to the gracious word in answer to  
that prayer,

Remember me, O Lord, when Thou comest  
in Thy Kingdom,—

“To-day shalt thou be with me in the  
paradise of God!”

For in faith He asserted even then, in the  
lowest pit of all those depths,

His right to redeem and to reward, as the  
Judge while the Victim of Mankind.

The next "Ah why hast Thou forsaken  
me, why hast Thou forsaken me, my  
God?"

Our type for prayer in sorrow, when God  
seemeth so far off.

Yet, hath He forsaken His Anointed? Is  
He not with Him in trouble,

Though dwelling in the darkness, and with  
clouds around His throne?

The Sacrifice was heaped with sin, and  
judgment crushed its victim,

Therefore in momentary gloom God's eye  
was turned away:

But the great Antitype of David followed  
on that psalm,

And ended, ere its close, with praise for a  
ransomed universe.

And now, O weeping mother, O sorrowing  
dear disciple,

Ye twain whom Jesus loved, and who loved  
Him to the end,

“Behold thy mother, O son, O son behold  
thy mother,”—

The richest of bequests to both, that dying  
Friend could leave.

In deep considerate carefulness and self-for-  
getting grace

He taught us kindly to provide for those  
we leave behind.

This world is bleak for them, though stars  
be opening bright for us ;

Let no man’s pious hope elsewhere ignore  
their state on earth :

Here is this fourth word's lesson, remember  
thine own kindred,  
And in the very throes of death, be generous  
and be just.

Then, did He gasp, "I thirst:" He willed  
fulfilment of the Scripture,  
Humbled down to human wants, parched  
in the dust of death :  
As with the woman of Samaria, when he  
fainted in the tropical mid-day,  
Here His tongue was cleaving, dry to the  
roof of His mouth,—  
Therefore gasped He in His agony,—and  
Heaven heard The Maker  
Asking for a drop of water, sent to cool his  
tongue !

And the tender mercies of the cruel have  
their potion ready,  
Wine and myrrh to deaden pain, and so  
prolong panged life ;  
But He will not drink an anodyne ; and so,  
I thirst, I thirst,  
Went up as a holy aspiration, conquering  
the weakness of the flesh :  
I thirst to do Thy will ; I thirst to win for  
them salvation ;  
I thirst,—my soul is athirst to save the  
world for God !

Next, as a Son with His own Father, com-  
mendeth He His human spirit  
Manfully and faithfully to God,—yea,  
“into Thine own hands.”

Lo, what a pattern unto us, going down  
into that dark valley—

Lo, what encouragement and comfort, in  
commending our own souls thither-  
ward :

For He trusted His God and our God, His  
Father and our Father,

And by His great example we will bravely  
live or die.

Now lastly, note of triumph, like a blast  
upon the trumpet,

Exultingly with loud last voice, proclaimed  
He “It is finished !”

O word of deepest comfort to the doubting  
fearing soul,

O talisman of power to still the storm of  
conscience !

The happy angels on their harps rejoiced in

It is finished,

And evil ones heard It is finished, echoed  
on their thunders :

It is finished ; Justice hath been satisfied in  
full ;

It is finished ; Heaven is free, and open to  
the lost ;

It is finished ; Death is dead, and Sin clean  
washed away,

'The watchword of salvation was that  
seventh It is finished.

*Final.*

---

WHO can hope for any ends, in this life-  
cycle of beginnings?

There is no end to mind or thoughts, or  
making many books.

Where is an end to arts, or sciences, or  
mysteries of nature,

And how should immortal spirits accom-  
plish full development in time?

None can work perfection to the uttermost  
of his thought,

The painter, sculptor, author, have no truly  
finishing touches:

Nature is perfect but not Art ; in time we  
only can begin ;

Eternity must deal with ends, and close up  
all hereafter :

Yea, through the ages everlasting, we all  
shall live and grow,

For good or ill, for joy or woe, for endless  
shame or glory.

Again, I have written at my best, according  
to the mercies given me ;

And speak of deeper themes than some I  
touched in earlier days.

Hath thy dog a spirit ? hath my soul its  
angel ?

Is this world so very old ? are all creeds  
mere outworks ?

Is everything here but a beginning, whose  
end must rise again?

Is each circumstance a consequence, abso-  
lutely everywhere at all times?

Can some spirits come again, and haunt  
their earthly homes?

Are the stars those many mansions for the  
saints of God?

Is morality the end, and even the Gospel  
but a mean?

Shall not purity of heart be after all a neces-  
sary heaven?

Are all facts so probable, didst thou know  
their causes,

That one might haply prophesy the future  
from the past?

These be among my many speculations,  
these and scores beyond,

And some shall meet with scorn, and some  
with disputation.

And many themes beside must challenge  
special anger ;

Why turn and rend the jackals, like a  
leopard brought to bay ?

Why hint that human life, its double state  
or single,

Is either way a failure, and not blessedness  
at all ?

How durst he speak so boldly, and so  
savagely tell truths ?

We hate a prosing Mentor in the gardens  
of Calypso :

Wherefore should he steal old texts from  
Deborah and Barak,

Presumptuously to lead the hymn of Britain  
in her victories?

Why for times of trouble pilfer, chiefly out  
of David,

Bald phrases fit for Hebrew timbrels, not  
for English choirs?

And so throughout, O foes,—why this, and  
why not that?

There is no end of questions,—which shall  
therefore have no answers.

And yet for you, O friends, with kinder  
eyes than others,

Whose generous love I cherish as a happier  
prize than fame,

My answers—are they needed?—may be  
read on these past pages,

With all their reasons writ out plain, in  
honest Roman hand ;  
Still, not all writ, but hinted ; less is uttered  
than was thought ;  
My spirit going forth with yours in charity  
and frankness :  
And courage hath its honour ; and not to  
fear for fame,—  
But, following conscience with high heart,  
serenely to forget it :  
And so, farewell,—in brief, farewell ; we  
part, but not for ever ;  
If not again to meet on earth, in some bright  
star hereafter.

Yea, for that the End is near at hand ; the  
issue of that great experiment

Wherein, to the teaching of the universe,  
God hath tested man ;  
For the first time giving to the creature full  
freedom of the will,  
That he might tempt, six thousand years, the  
patience of his Maker.  
Now all the prophecies are closed ; Now  
is the cycle finished ;  
The fields are white with harvest, and the  
world well-ripe for judgment ;  
Verily, the Christ is nigh to come ; His  
chariot is made ready,  
The sign of the Son of Man in heaven shall  
soon be seen,—His Cross upon the  
skies ;  
And then all enigmas shall be solved, true  
justice must be rendered,

The churches and the kingdoms and the  
antichrists, the saints, the world, the  
martyrs,

All shall be shown to have achieved the  
ends of their existence,

And Providence be proved throughout the  
sister-twin of Grace.

END.

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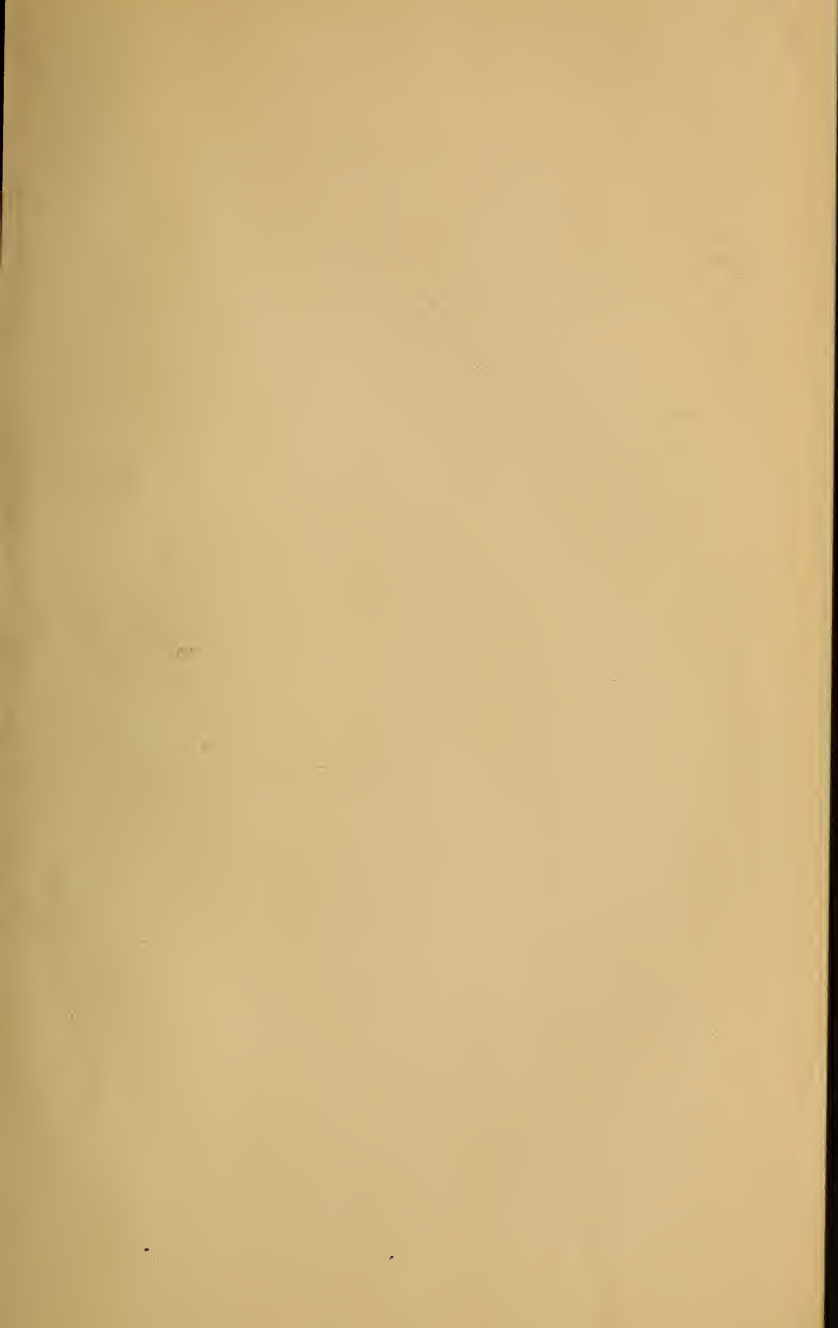
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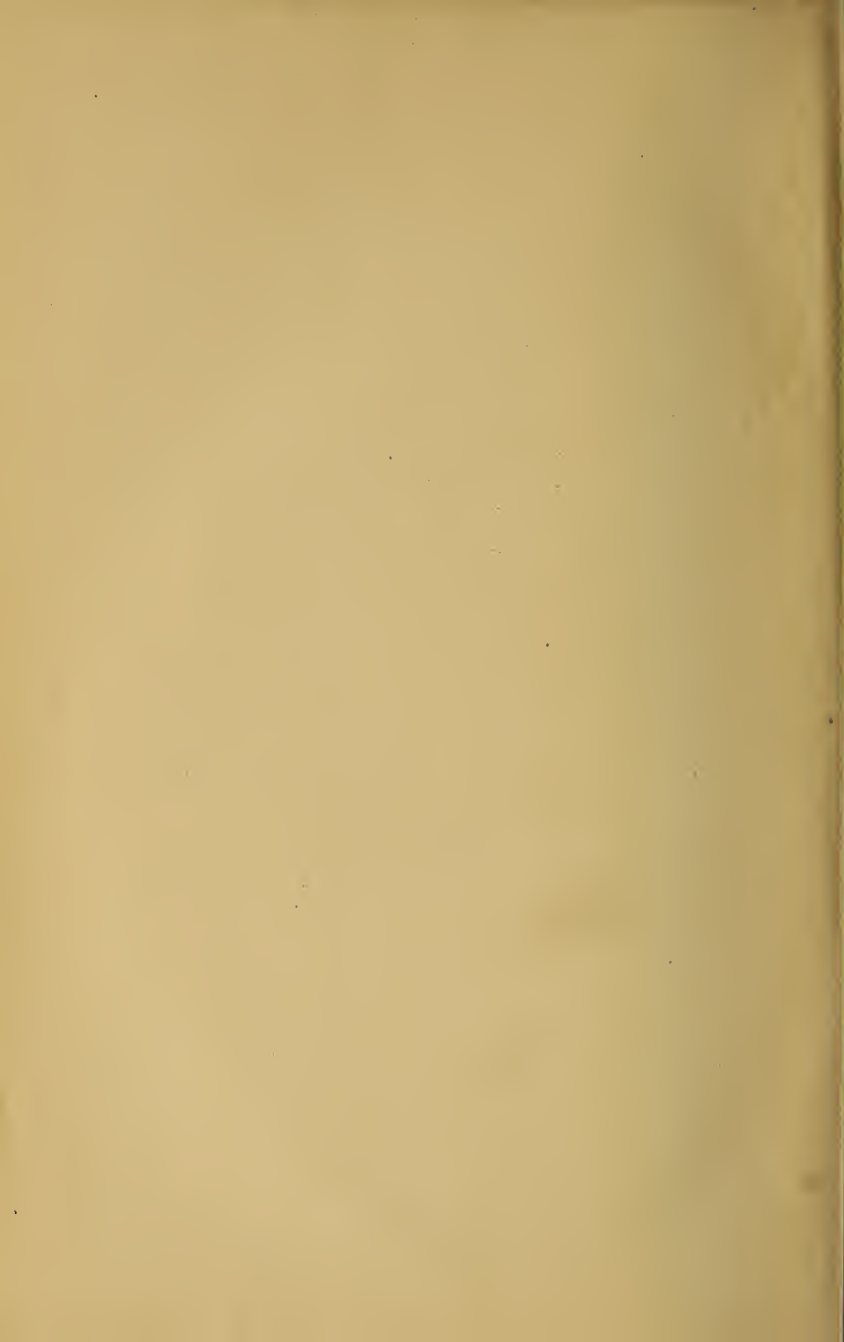
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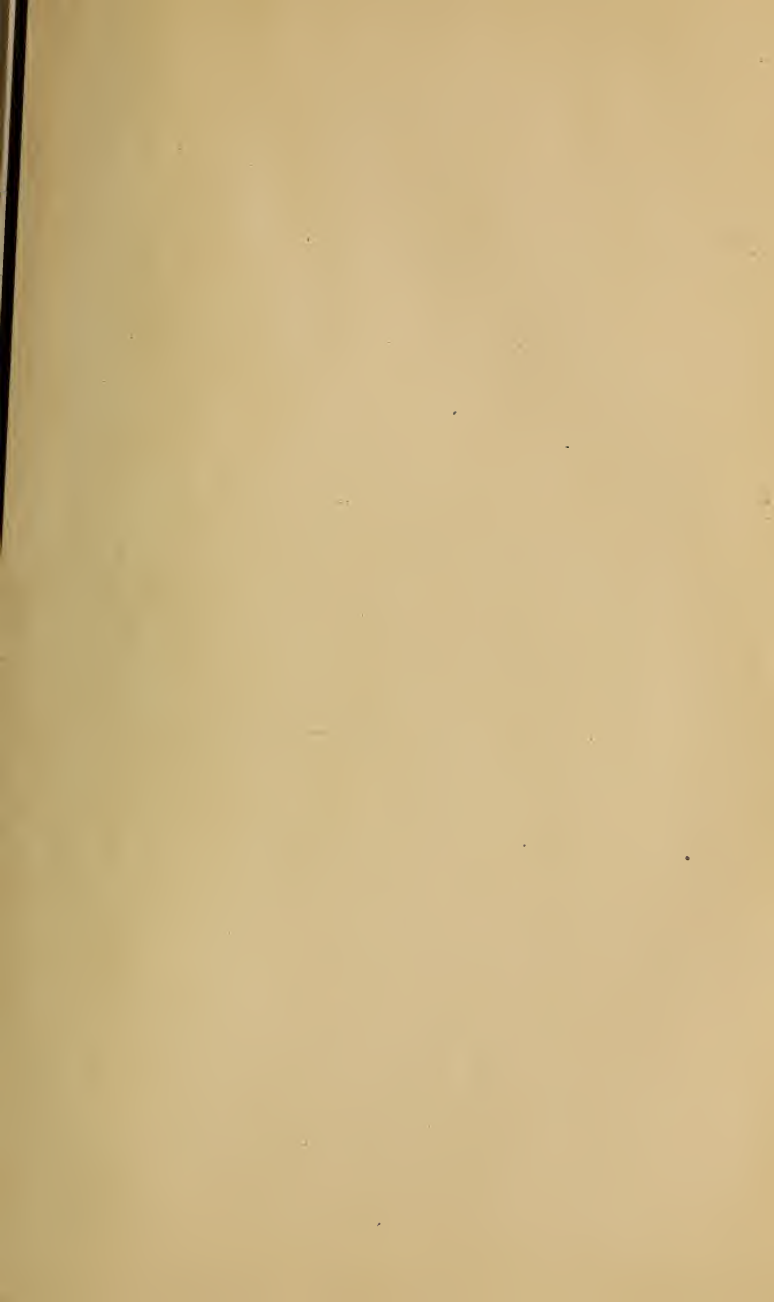
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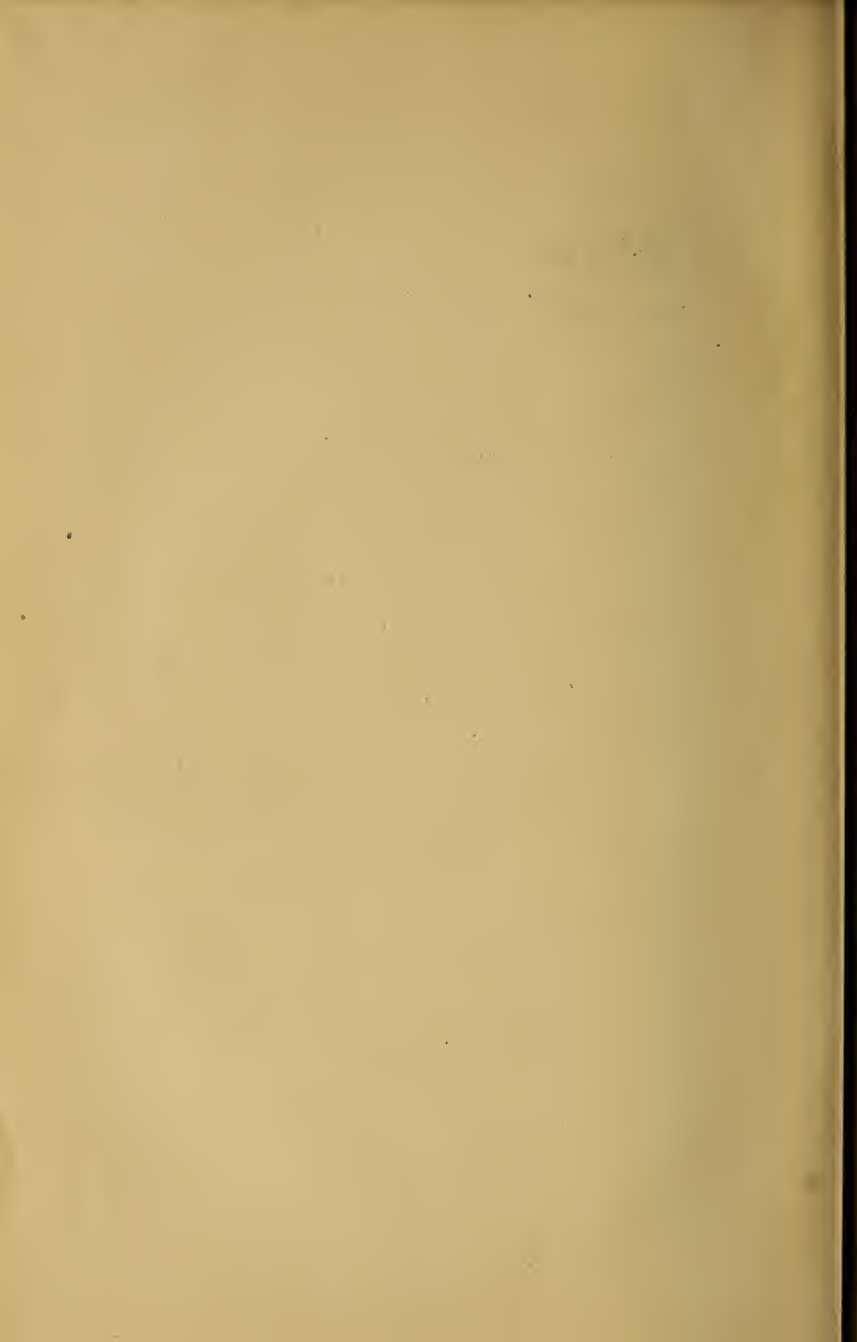
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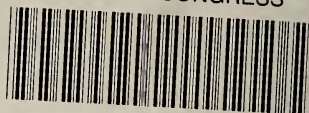








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